The Nation.

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The Week.

Other Congresses have been extravagant, but we doubt if any was so urged and hurried into extravagance by the President as was the Fifty-fifth. That is a point to be set down in its favor. It was spendthrift, but it was not so wantonly prodigal as the President would have had it be. Not only did no warning against lavish appropriations come from him, such as almost every President for years has felt it his duty to utter; not only did he fail to interpose with his veto to save the Treasury one squandered dollar; but by open recommendation and private prompting he tried to get Congress to spend some $200,000,000 more than it did. The Nicaragua Canal bill nominally carried $115,000,000, and would surely have led to at least $50,000,000 more, yet Mr. McKinley favored that costly leap into the dark. The shipping subsidies bill stood to take anywhere from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 out of the Treasury, and the President advised Congress to pass that. He informed it that the Hawaiian cable bill, appropriating $2,500,000, was "a paramount necessity," and should be made law at once. All these Executive incitements to extravagance Congress withstood. It had a more careful regard for the national finances than had their sworn guardian, the President. Never before was such a thing seen in this country—the Chief Magistrate leading in advocacy of reckless expenditure, and the House of Representatives refusing to follow him.

It is gratifying to learn that a bill slipped through Congress during the last hours of the session which will work important reforms in the pension system. One abuse of that system has been the marriage of veterans, sometimes almost in their dotage, to young women, who expect that their husbands will soon die, and that they will thereafter draw widows' pensions for the rest of their lives. The new law provides that no pension shall be granted to the widow of any pensioner who marries him after the approval of this act, on the 3d of March. There are a number of State and national homes for soldiers, many of the inmates of which, besides being supported by the federal or State Government, have received the full amount of their pensions, like their fellows outside. The new law provides that, when a pensioner enters such a home, one-half of his allowance shall be paid to his wife or to his minor children. Under the old system, a pensioner with a family might desert his wife and children and still draw the full amount of his pension. The new law provides that, when a pensioner is guilty of such desertion, one-half of his pension shall be paid to his family.

Senator Foraker, an Ohio man who takes pains to say that he is not getting the smallest "piece" of the "good things going" in this Ohio Administration, secured the adoption of an amendment to the army bill which not only is a bit of cold devilishness, but is calculated to bring to naught the most benevolent plans of the President and his friends to "assimilate" Cuba. This amendment reads:

> "And provided further, That no business franchises or concessions of any kind whatever shall be granted by the United States, or by any military or other authority whatever, in the island of Cuba during the occupation thereof by the United States."

What a blow this was to the plans of our most benevolent statesmen, was made clear at once by their outcries. Hanna of Ohio opposed the amendment; so did Platt of New York; so did Sewell of New Jersey. All these eminent men, brooding night and day on schemes for doing good to the Cubans and (incidentally) to themselves, saw immediately that this Foraker amendment would ruin the whole colonial system, and almost make them sorry that they had shed their blood to free Cuba. But a spiteful and narrow-minded Congress passed it nevertheless, and the colonial board appointed by the President to study questions relating to the judiciary, and taxation, and the sale or gift of franchises, railway grants, street-car line concessions, electric-light and other municipal monopolies was shunted off from Cuba to Porto Rico.

In view of the fact that the new army law compels the President to reduce in rank such men as Gens. Ludlow and Wood, and gives him no opportunity to make Gen. Otis a regular Major-General, the bestowal by Congress of the prized rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army upon Col. Frederick C. Ainsworth has caused no little comment among army men. Formerly a surgeon in the regular service, Gen. Ainsworth, as we must now call him, was made Chief of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department some years ago. By the introduction of a card catalogue, he very rapidly made what had been one of the most useless departments in Washington one of the most serviceable and efficient. In 1892 he received the rank of Colonel, to the amazement of the army, and was borne upon the army register in a place by himself, since he belonged neither to the line nor to the staff. But even this did not satisfy his ambition, and as a result the new army law provided the Brigadier's star for him, besides "creating a place" for John Tweedale, chief clerk of the War Department, as his assistant with the rank of Major. There are now no good reasons why the head clerks in the Weather Bureau and Agricultural Department should not be Colonels, and we are glad to notice that Mr. McKinley is also of this opinion, since he is said to have promised to bestow a vacant paymastership, with the rank of Major, upon an elderly private secretary, hitherto content to be a civilian.

Now that a spoilsman has been given charge of the Census Bureau, earnest attempts are made to convince the country that it will not be run on the spoils basis. Director Merriam has announced that "all applicants will be subjected to an examination, before appointment, which will be as rigid as the examinations before the Civil-Service Commission," and that no political influence will be sufficient to put on the roll any person of whose competency the Director has not been satisfied, or to keep one who proves on trial to be incompetent. Such a statement from a known believer in civil-service reform, like Carroll D. Wright, would carry weight; people would feel no doubt that a Director of this type would live up to it. The difficulty about accepting it from Mr. Merriam is that, if he were to live up to it, the change of habit would be as great as it would be in Col. Wright's case were he to turn spoilsman. Mr. Merriam got his own place through "pull," not merit; and it will be the most extraordinary thing ever seen if such a man shall honestly enforce the merit system among his subordinates.

It seems that the appointment of a statistician as Assistant Director of the Census, after a spoilsman had been placed at the head of the Bureau, was not a matter of choice on the part of the President. The law left him no discretion in the premises. It provides that "there shall also be an Assistant Director of the Census, who shall be an experienced, practical statistician." Even the spoils-seeking Congressmen realized that, with a "practical politician" at the top and the same sort of employees at the bottom, there must be somewhere an official who has had some experience in statistics. But this is almost the only concession to such considerations which we can find in the law. On the other hand, great care was taken by Congress to guard against the entrance of trained men outside the places of Assistant Director and five chief statis-

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ticians, "who shall be persons of known and tried experience in statistical work." One illustration of this is found in the curious provision that "employees in the existing branches of the departmental service, whose services may be specially desired by the Director of the Census, *not exceeding six in all*, may be transferred without examination, and at the end of such service the employees so transferred shall be eligible to appointment in any department without additional examination, when vacancies exist." There are several hundred persons in the classified service who have had training in census and statistical work, and it would have been a great advantage if any number of these had been made available for present need, and then returnable to the classified service. As originally drawn, the bill provided that such transfers might be made without any restriction. But the spoilsmen were so afraid that "their workers" might be kept out by this employment of skilled clerks who were "under the civil service," that they insisted upon limiting the number of such transfers to six—a perfectly ridiculous restriction in any other light than as a bar to the free entrance of experience, skill, and demonstrated merit.

Before leaving Washington for his vacation in Georgia, President McKinley appointed Herbert Putnam to be Librarian of the National Library. The nomination cannot be sent to the Senate until the next session of Congress opens, but there can be no doubt that it will then be confirmed, so that the incident may now be considered closed. Mr. Putnam's "platform" as Librarian at Washington has been drawn up by himself. About two years ago the Joint Congressional Committee having charge of the institution gave a hearing as to the policy which ought to be adopted for its regulation in the new building. Mr. Putnam appeared before the committee, and, after expressing his views on the subject, said:

> "I should suppose that the man who is to have the final administration of that library must have, above all things else, administrative ability. . . . I do not believe that your chief administrative officer, attending properly to the business problems of the library, need be a profound bibliographer or need know the most, of all the persons in the library, as to what the library contains. He should know enough of the literary side of the library, of bibliography, etc., to appreciate intelligently the needs of the several departments of specialized work. I should regard him as bearing a relation to the library something similar to that borne by the President of a university to the several departments of that university."

This, in substance, was the picture drawn by the Council of the American Library Association for transmittal to the President on January 30; and it is the opinion of the foremost librarians of the country that Mr. Putnam is best qualified of their craft to organize the National Library on wise lines, take it and keep it clean out of politics, and make it the guiding star of the library movement in this hemisphere. The post is his with no political or personal obligations whatever.

We hear of a good deal of dissatisfaction and disgust among Republicans over the Thomasville trip of the President's. Why, they ask, should he let Hanna carry him off so ostentatiously? Why should he give color to the talk that Hanna is very anxious about the next Presidential nomination and campaign, and that he is really taking Mr. McKinley off for a "rest" which will consist of interviewing politicians from all over the country, and planning for the contests of 1900? Why, above all, these nervous Republicans are wondering, should the President choose just this time, when the forces of Bryanism and revolt are rallying to the cry that monopolists and speculators are in control of the Government, to go off as the personal property of the chief agent of the monopolists and speculators? It gives too much plausibility to the charge that Hanna is really the Government—not simply the power behind the throne, but on the throne itself a good part of the time. Already has this idea taken firm root in the simple minds of the Filipinos. Witness this astonishing dispatch, included in the documents printed with the Peace Treaty:

> "Cortes family, representing wealthy, educated families Manila, implore you in name humanity and Christianity not to desert them, and aid to obtain annexation Philippines to America."

To what potentate does the reader suppose this appeal was addressed? Why, to "Hon. Marcus Hanna, United States Senate, Washington." In other words, the Filipinos went straight to headquarters, and applied to the man whom they understood to be the real President. It would be an embarrassing thing, say the disquieted Republicans whom we are quoting, to have that idea get into the heads of people in this country, too.

If the Beef Court of Inquiry is really purposing to bring in a report whitewashing Alger and his canned roast beef, it would be wise to get out of Chicago as soon as possible. Every time that its members look into the meat-canning industry there they discover evidence which is very damaging to Alger and his favored contractors. They brought out the fact on Friday that the so-called canned roast beef which was sent to the army in Cuba and elsewhere was not roast beef at all, but simply boiled beef, usually of the kind that had been rejected as unsalable because of its leanness. On Saturday it was shown, on the testimony of an inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industries, that in a certain canning-house "diseased beef was removed from the top of a rendering tank after it had been placed there for destruction," and had been sold in the Chicago market. Whether any of this had been sent to our soldiers, did not appear from the testimony, but the description tallies well with that which many of the soldiers have given of what they were supplied with. In regard to the canned beef which he knew had been sent to the soldiers this inspector testified that it was the kind known as "chuck," the cheapest grade of all, taken from the poorest cattle in the market, and worth from three to four cents a pound. Does not this tally precisely with the evidence given by the officers and men regarding the "canned roast beef" which they had?

It appears from Mr. Howell's candid statement on Saturday that one of the most vexatious of the custom-house regulations which he quotes has no statutory basis at all. It is, we presume, the composition of Mr. Gage or of Mr. Howell himself, for he says that it was framed "recently," that "it is still in force," and that it is "a new order." We may rely upon it that, could he have put it off on anybody else, he would have done so. Read it again, fellow-citizens, and in doing so remember that this is A. D. 1899, not 1799; that this is the United States of America, not Morocco or Turkey; that the object of taxation in civilized states is not to plunder or build up character, but to collect revenue for the Government; that all our Government gets from this grand "regulation" is $140,000 a year, and that for securing this portion of a revenue of $340,000,000 it annoys, vexes, insults, delays, and endangers the health of the average of 120,000 persons who arrive in first-class steamers at this port from Europe every year:

> "Whenever the baggage of passengers arriving from abroad is found to contain any articles purchased abroad which have not been declared by the passengers, they shall be described on the back of the baggage declaration by the inspector and submitted to the appraising officers for appraisement, and the inspector will be held responsible for the failure to so find and report such articles, regardless of their value."

Read it carefully, we say, and do not throw away such a product of constructive statesmanship, and then, having chosen some quiet place for reflection, will it not occur to you, if you have received even a common-school education, that the whole of this preposterous custom-house machinery, inspectors, appraisers, and deputy surveyors, might be dispensed with by exacting from each passenger, as he descends the gangway, a fixed sum of one dollar, or of one dollar and a half, for the privilege of landing in America?—

> "My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing."

In this way the Government would get

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its revenue much more surely than at present, nobody would be vexed, inconvenienced, or detained; everybody, even poor teachers or professors, would pay the dollar gladly. We will undertake, for our own part, to pay two dollars. Is it not astonishing that when two statesmen like Messrs. Gage and Howell set about concocting such a god-like "regulation," this scheme did not occur to them? We ask all our readers boldly if they know of any American business man of mature age who, if he was going to frame a regulation that was likely to annoy and insult many thousands of his fellow-citizens, would not wait to see by his books how much it would bring in to his account, and, on discovering that the amount was very small, would not ask himself whether there was not some easier and less offensive way of bringing in the same amount?

The desire of the people in Fort Wrangel, Alaska, to be set off from the United States to Canada, in order to get decent government, seems natural enough when we learn what sort of officials the Washington authorities have been sending there. Gov. Brady of Alaska is authority for the statement that there are sixty men in whose hands is the government of the Territory; that "they have no interests in Alaska except to grab whatever they can and get away"; that "they are like a lot of hungry codfish"; and that "seven of these officials, 11 per cent. of the entire government, are now under indictment for malfeasance in office." As one sample of the methods pursued, he cites the fact that our Government prohibits the sale of liquor, and yet collects a revenue from its sale. As illustrations of the way that the liquor laws are enforced, Gov. Brady says that he has known judges who would try a "joint"-keeper, and then go to his saloon for a drink with him; and that one of the officials now under indictment was proved to have made a raid on a "joint," and then turned around and sold the liquor back to the saloon-keeper! "The native has no respect for such a government," says Gov. Brady, "and who can blame him?" "The way that those appointments are made is abominable," is another of his comments. All this is more important for its bearing upon the future of "our new possessions" than upon the present of a possession which we have had for more than thirty years. One expansionist at least has got his eyes open to the significance of the Fort Wrangel incident. In a speech on Saturday evening Gov. Roosevelt said:

> "Have you read in the papers that an Alaskan town wants to be transferred to Canada? It wants to get from under our flag merely because no one has thought it worth while to give Alaska good government. If we govern the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii as we have governed Alaska, we shall have the same results."

The eleven car-loads of our citizens who journeyed to Albany last week in the interest of the Amsterdam Avenue bill, received an object-lesson in the modern science of government which should be of great value to them. They learned more in a few hours about the wonderful system under which they are living in this city than years of quiet observation and experience have been able to teach them. They went confident that Croker was with them, that he would exercise his absolute power over the Tammany members of the Legislature in favor of their bill, and they were even able to think kindly of him for thus exercising his power in the interests of the people. Surely a boss who was willing to exert his influence for good in this way could not be such a very bad man after all. Possibly the stories about his using his great power mainly for purposes of blackmail might be mere inventions of his enemies. The newspapers are shamefully reckless about charges of this kind against public men, you know. Well, they arrived in Albany, and went to the "halls of legislation." They were received by the Senators, and an adjournment of five minutes was voted in order that they might shake hands with the statesmen. Then the Senate reassembled, and the visiting citizens were treated to what the Boys call a "whirl." The bill that they desired to have passed was taken up, and an amendment was proposed which meant its death. It was opposed valiantly by the champions of the measure, and defended with great plausibility by the leading statesmen who represent the eminent Mr. Croker in the Senate, assisted by the leading statesmen who represent the eminent Mr. Platt in the same body. A vote was taken, and these two bodies of leading statesmen were discovered to be working heartily together for the amendment that would nullify the bill. What did that mean? Why, simply that the "orders" of the two bosses had either been different from what the visiting citizens had been assured they were, or else the representatives of the bosses had misunderstood them.

While the visiting citizens were trying to unravel this mystery, there came a second "whirl" to add to their confusion. No sooner had word reached the Assembly that the Senate had amended the bill, than the latter body turned about and passed it in its original form without amendment. Strangely enough, this action was taken by the same combination of boss-representatives that had succeeded in amending the bill in the Senate. Indeed, in making the combination in the Assembly, the Battery liquor-dealer who has the honor to be the personal representative of Mr. Croker in that body, announced that the "gentleman who has the honor to preside over and direct the affairs of the city of New York told me on Sunday night that he did not want the Democratic organization of Tammany Hall to oppose or vote against this bill." That silenced all opposition, as well it might. It was in the nature of a royal edict. When word of it reached the Senate, the representatives in that body of the "gentleman who has the honor to preside over and direct the affairs of the city of New York" were dumfounded, of course. They must have misunderstood their orders, but, whether they did or not, they were determined to adhere to their amendment to the bill. What is the result? Simply what is known at Albany as a "see-saw." Each house will make it a "matter of principle" to stand by its bill. The Senate will insist upon its amendment as vital; the Assembly will insist that to permit the amendment to prevail will destroy the usefulness of the bill. Consequence—no legislation.

The native hue of resolution is being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought on more than our side of the water. In other words, the bills have begun to come in, and there is such a difference in one's spirits usually between the time when one is spending and the time when one is paying! In England there is a huge deficit in the revenue for the year, and the newspapers are warning the Chancellor of the Exchequer not to add to the income tax, but there is, of course, no general agreement as to the exact place where he is to get the money. The protectionists are all alive with the hope of getting a tax on corn and other farm products, that will make the landlords and farmers happy, and make the laborer share more fully in the work of civilizing the "brown man" and get a piece of "the glory." But ever since Lowe tried to tax lucifer-matches, Chancellors have been chary about direct taxes on the common people which these can see too plainly, as they have no Griggs in England to tell the working people about "glory." We may feel sure that from this time forward the "white man's burden" will begin to feel too heavy for comfort. We are rapidly entering on the educational period, in fact, for expanding democracies. No drunken fit ever fails to be followed by a period of headache and reflection. Then we fear the great "alliance" of last year of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is not "panning out" as was expected. Conquering America is not what they thought it in England. The campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines have not made America seem such a help against the "brown man" as was expected. The beef, and Alger, and Eagan, and the prodigious bard-like literature of the war have offended English taste, and even *Punch* has ventured to satirize Hobson's osculatory performances.

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"CHAOS."

The expansionists have begun to threaten us with "chaos" if they stop killing people with machine-guns in the Philippines, just as they threatened us with "a renewal of the war" if the treaty with Spain was not promptly ratified, concealing from us carefully who was to renew it. One thing they apparently do not see, and that is that they are accustoming us to "chaos." What are we doing but establishing chaos and carrying it on as a sort of business in which we are proud to excel? What is chaos but gun government, many thousands of deaths by violence, absence of civil law, great sense of insecurity among the peaceable, daily growth among large bodies of the population of intense hatred and study of revenge towards the people claiming the government, indefinite postponement of peace and order and trade and commerce and industry? Why, bless your innocent souls, expansionists dear, chaos has been the normal state of the Filipinos for generations, and what we thought you were going to do was to put an end to it. Now you tell us that if you stop killing the Filipinos and try kindness and conciliation, "chaos" will begin. But there cannot be worse chaos than you are carrying on. Every dispatch from Gen. Otis tells of chaos, and nothing else. It tells only of skirmishes, slaughters, assassinations, burnings, of the general destruction around Manila of all the works of civilization, of the death of thousands of half-civilized men, solely because you choose to call them "rebels," though they have never acknowledged your authority, and you have not a particle of claim to their allegiance except what is based on a bogus purchase from a bankrupt vendor —and you Americans!

The truth is that we, "foremost in the files of time," have simply bought the good will of a chaos business from a broken-down old dealer, the last left in the world, and have begun to carry it on at the old stand in precisely the old way, except that we are substituting Protestantism for Catholicism, enlightenment for superstition, Amerian bragging and blowing for Spanish bragging and blowing, and keen, effective slaughter for Spanish old-fashioned, clumsy slaughter. We are, in fact, trying to do exactly what the Spaniards were trying to do—that is, hold down a wild people against their will 8,000 miles away. We are trying to do what Spain tried to do in all the Spanish-American republics and in Cuba, without success, and with a government much less adapted to the work than Spain's. Our government was made for peaceable, industrious, homogeneous, Protestant men. We are abandoning our ploughs and looms to engage in the old detestable Spanish business of "chaos"-making and "concentrading," for which we have neither fitness nor experience. What do we think of a conquering Power whose Secretary of War had to quit the army to avoid court-martial, and promptly uses his authority to serve decayed beef to the troops, whose Commissary-General blackguards the Commanding General in a carefully composed essay in the language of a drab in the stews, and is rewarded by the Executive with six years' vacation on full pay? To be a successful conqueror you must not only have guns and soldiers, but a conqueror's manners and the ways of a conqueror, and you must modify your Christianity.

Many good people who do not approve of "chaos" are asking themselves in a helpless way, "What are we to do? we are in for it," and so on. Well, we luckily know something about these "rebels" from the experience of the Spaniards—that the "rebels" rely mainly on their climate and the wide and scattered nature of their territory. All the difficulties will be much greater for us than for them, except cannonading from the shore—that is, a few miles. If the rebels will not accept our rule through conciliation, we can avoid a long war and great loss of life and probable ultimate relinquishment of the enterprise only by leaving the islands to their own devices. We assure those who are afraid of anarchy and chaos that there will be less of that in the native way than in ours. All Spanish-American states have had anarchy at first. But sooner or later there comes to the top a man of their own blood, race, and religion who understands them, and he gets hold of power, has a following among them, and eventually establishes some kind of government suited to the wants of their civilization. We have undertaken this enterprise through the advice of men who know nothing of the subject, backed by adventurous youths who wanted the fun of war, and parsons who had grown tired of Christianity. They wanted to spread the Gospel with improved weapons instead of the old pikes the Spaniards used to spread it with.

THE NEGLECT OF HAWAII.

If the action of Congress, or, rather, its failure to take action, respecting the government of Hawaii were a fair indication of the benevolent attention which our island territories are likely to receive from us, they might be tempted to think their last state worse than their first. The case seemed clear for prompt legislation. There has been no war in Hawaii. No preliminary work of pacification was necessary. The islands, moreover, had long been accustomed to a representative government. The inhabitants were ready for some form of local rule under American sovereignty. Full material for judgment was before Congress; a commission had made an exhaustive report and offered a bill; Hawaiians and Americans alike declared the matter to be one of great urgency; yet Congress did just nothing at all. We forget—it did one thing: it extended our navigation laws to the Hawaiian Islands. They asked for the bread of a territorial government, and we gave them the stone of an obsolete and restrictive shipping law.

That the affair may stand out in its true light, we set forth the successive steps which seemed to lead straight up to legislative action, but which led only to legislative neglect. The joint resolution of July 7, 1898, annexing the islands, declared that the Congress of the United States "shall provide for the government of such islands." In order that Congress might be able to act intelligently, the resolution further provided for the appointment of a commission to "recommend to Congress such legislation concerning the Hawaiian Islands as they shall deem necessary or proper." Such a commission was duly appointed by the President, visited the islands, and made a report to Congress which, with recommendations, filled 560 pages. President McKinley brought the whole matter to the attention of Congress. He said, with his beautiful faith in Congress, that he "believed" the recommendations of the Commission would receive from Congress "the earnest consideration due to the magnitude of the responsibility resting upon you." But a President who "believed" that would believe anything. Congress simply chucked the whole thing overboard. It would not even discuss the bills for Hawaiian government. Its way of dealing with the magnitude of responsibility is to ignore it altogether. Even when the President sent in a special message to remind it that at least a bill to lay a cable to Hawaii was "a paramount necessity before the close of the present Congress," Congress coolly said, "Oh, you think so, do you?" and threw his message into the waste-basket.

There was particular reason for haste in legislating for Hawaii because the resolution of annexation had left the islands in a very awkward legal situation. The Hawaiian Supreme Court had held that the jurisdiction of the local courts had been seriously impaired. They were inhibited from passing on all cases arising under the laws or the Constitution of the United States, yet no court of competent jurisdiction had been erected in their stead. All admiralty questions, for example, are indefinitely hung up in Hawaii, because no court has jurisdiction to try them. It seemed that the least Congress could do was to pass a remedial bill to cure this unlucky legal muddle of its own creating. But it did nothing. The Hawaiians cried out for relief, but 2,000 miles is a long way for the human voice to carry, especially when there is so much louder and nearer a clamor from the "deestricts." A Congressman could not well be expected to

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attend to the jurisdiction of a court in Honolulu when he had to spend his days and nights hustling for a new court-house in Liberty Corners.

There must be a moral in all this, but we will leave the expansionists to draw it. They told us how the horizon of Congress was to be "broadened" by having to legislate for distant possessions. They explained how inevitable it would be that a more serious tone and a higher statesmanship should result from our plunging into world-politics, as the Germans say. The way to develop a sense of responsibility was to undertake new duties; that is, to cure a weak back, pile on more burdens. Well, we know that the case of Hawaii must prove all this to be true, for the expansionists are never mistaken, but they ought to explain at least to the wondering Hawaiians just how it all happened, and how the wisdom and benevolence of Congress were displayed towards the islanders by letting them severely alone.

The real reason of the failure of the Hawaiian bills to receive any attention from Congress is, we presume, the "short session." When legislation is in a state of chronic congestion, and desperate efforts have to be made to get through the bills necessary to keep the Government going, it takes a powerful push indeed to get any other measure to the front. If the Hanna-Payne ship-subsidy bill, with its enormous bribes, its tremendous array of selfish interests in support of it, could not get a hearing, it is not, perhaps, surprising that the Hawaiian bills were turned out of doors. Nor do we suppose any serious or lasting harm will be caused by delay. The courts in Hawaii will find some way to punish crime. The men in control of the Hawaiian government will manage to keep the concern going. They and we shall flounder along in the good old American way. As for confident predictions, one way or the other, what the effect of all this on American political life will be, we decline to make any, except that which a wise English critic made when asked what he thought would be the effect on English literature of the disappearance of the three-volume novel. He said he did not precisely know, but was sure it would leave English literature very much what it was before.

LOBBYISTS AND LEGISLATORS.

The lobbyist has been much under discussion in Indiana during the session of the Legislature which ended a few days ago. Gov. Mount, who is a plain-spoken sort of Executive, took up the matter in his message to the Legislature, and said:

"The lobbyist who seeks to dominate legislation adversely to the public weal is an enemy to the public good. Hired lobbyists are a menace to free government. The time is rapidly approaching when the hired tool of corporate greed will be excluded from the halls of legislation. The just law that commends itself needs no schemer, with doubtful methods, to secure its enactment. Labor is the creative power of wealth. Workingmen from the farm, the mines, and the shops cannot become lobbyists. They have not the means to this end. Business men and the common people have not the time. It becomes, therefore, the sacred duty of lawmakers to look after the people and to see to it that no inroads are made upon their rights."

Indiana newspapers agree that there was abundant warrant for such talk by the Governor. "Every State in the Union has suffered more or less from lobbyists," says the Indianapolis *Journal*, "and none more than Indiana." During the last ten years a number of important reforms have been carried through the Legislature. The *Journal* testifies that "every measure of progress and reform that has been enacted in the State has been passed over the opposition of a lobby determined to maintain conditions favorable to a few and unfavorable to the masses."

Radical measures of reform were sought from this year's Legislature when it met last January—particularly in the matters of township and county government. Both parties had pledged themselves during the campaign last fall to favor such legislation, but, when the session opened, it was found that a powerful lobby had been organized, with the purpose of defeating the reform. A local observer reports that this lobby embraced all who had been profiting under the old system—extravagant and dishonest county commissioners; greedy county officers, to whom such commissioners had been "very kind"; party bosses who live on the crumbs of corruption that fall from political tables; court-house rings, bridge-building companies, stationery and blank-book-supply houses, county officers who are reformers before election and fee-grabbers after, plausible citizens who are "in favor of real reform but not of this bill," small politicians who think that platform pledges are made to catch votes—in short, every person who had profited or hoped to profit under the old system. At the head of this formidable combination was the Association of County Officers, which opposed the bills of 1891 and 1895, substituting salaries for fees, and is still trying to undermine and whittle away the law on that subject which is now in force.

The shamelessness of these lobbyists increased as the contest over the reform measures grew close, and their impudence became remarkable. When the important vote on passing one bill to its third reading was being taken, one of the lobbyists slipped into the seat of a Representative, near the rear of the hall, who was absent. When the Representative's name was called, this lobbyist sang out, "No"; the clerk caught the response, and recorded him as voting in the negative. The lobbyist then slipped out of the seat, priding himself upon having secured the recording of a supporter of the bill against its passage—although the scheme did not succeed, as two or three members had observed the trick, and made the clerk expunge the false vote.

The legislative reporter of the *Sentinel* who related this incident, wrote that "there is no adequate way of describing the impudence of some of these lobbyists," and he gave these further illustrations of their methods:

"They slip into the seats of members, and pester them by sending pages in constantly with requests that they come out into the lobbies. One lobbyist from Shelby County has made himself especially obnoxious. When pleading tactics will not avail, he attempts to bulldoze, and several of the members will no longer pay any attention to his cards when he sends them in. As the strife over the bill becomes more acute, the lobbyists for the county officers are assuming more and more the attitude that they own the House of Representatives, body and soul, and are no longer as sly and secretive as they were."

What shall be done about such a scandal? The natural reply to such a question, considering the American tendency to seek relief in a statute, is to pass a law to stop it. Years ago there were a good many people who thought that the only thing necessary to put an end to lobbying was to enact some sort of law. An experiment in this line was made in Massachusetts, some time ago; but, after thorough trial, there is a general agreement that little of real value has been effected by the registration of men who claimed the right to urge or oppose measures before the Legislature, or by the attempt to restrict their activity. The only sure way to get rid of lobbyists is to have legislators who cannot be influenced by their methods. No law was required to keep lobbyists from slipping into the seats of members at Indianapolis, and answering on roll-call to the names of absent Representatives; no statute was necessary to prevent legislators from answering calls to leave their seats and meet lobbyists outside the chamber. A sense of decency should be sufficient to make short work of all such tactics. The great trouble at Indianapolis was the tenderness of the law-makers towards the lobbyist. Even when the fellow was caught trying to falsify the roll-call, nothing was done except to correct the record by those who discovered his villany.

No law was ever needed to protect George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill, Allen G. Thurman and Thomas F. Bayard, from the approaches of lobbyists. No body of law-makers composed of such Republicans and Democrats as these men would ever suffer from corrupt attempts to influence its action. A Legislature could not be composed of men with such talents as these leaders at Washington possessed, but there is no reason why men of as high character as theirs should not be chosen. Without legislators whom lobbyists know that they cannot affect, there is little hope of abolishing the lobby.

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NEW YORK CHURCHES.

For the origin of the troubles in the West Presbyterian Church of this city it is necessary to go back to the time when the late Jay Gould was one of its shining lights. His religious walk and conversation inevitably had a metallic ring. The style of preaching fitted to win his approval had necessarily to be very practical, and the management of church affairs in his day was above reproach on the financial side. The West Church was then, in fact, known as "the brokers' church." It used to be whispered about, in an awed way, how many "millions" every Sunday Dr. Paxton was in the habit of preaching to. We forget what the total was, but it was certainly large enough to make the Almighty think twice, as the French nobleman said, before damning men with such bank accounts. Several years of this intensely practical religion could not but bring about in the trustees of the church a state of mind which made it seem to them the most natural thing in the world to ask their pastor to resign, not because he was not eloquent or godly, or successful in drawing the unchurched to his ministrations—for it is agreed that Dr. Evans has been all these—but because there is a shortage in the money receipts.

Just what the financial situation of the West Church is, seems to be in dispute. A mortgage of $45,000 on the church property is said to be held by one of the trustees, Mr. Russell Sage. We have heard it said that Mr. Sage ceased attending the Brick Church and "took a pew" in the West Church for reasons not unconnected with this mortgage, but of this we know nothing. Reporters tried to get light from Mr. Sage on the whole case on Sunday, but, owing to his severe rule never to discuss even semi-worldly subjects on the Sabbath, they failed.

There is, however, no doubt whatever that financial reasons alone led to the demand that the pastor resign. He should not have been surprised at this, considering how the pecuniary note was made dominant in the church during so many years. As one of the indignant younger members is quoted as saying, in those days no one who could not pay $500 for a pew was wanted. Heaven was then described from the pulpit as a sort of glorified Wall Street.

It would be an exaggeration to say that this West Church case is typical. We should be sorry to say we thought it was. Yet there is no doubt that it suggests one of the perplexing and difficult problems which confront many pastors and churches in New York city. We need not specify the many instances during the past few years of ministers of different denominations and in various parts of the city being practically compelled to surrender their pulpits, on the ground that the cash returns from their ministry were not satisfactory, however the case might be with the spiritual returns. Church trustees in New York have a terribly business-like way of looking at these matters. They have not a word to say against their pastor. He is a good man and a good preacher; but the Midases have given up their pew, the Georgeouses advertise theirs for sale, and what are you going to do? This is their hard-headed way of interpreting the promise they made when calling their minister, to leave him "free from worldly cares." Worldly care is, in fact, the thing which breaks down ten clergymen to one who succumbs to spiritual burdens.

The truth is, we believe, that few men outside of New York realize the enormous difficulties of the work of a pastor in this city. Most vacant pulpits are filled by drafts on country towns, and the country clergymen must be rare who are not surprised by the stress and strain of a New York pastorate. Many of them succeed, of course, and of them we hear most. They are the ones who are pointed to as showing the influence and power of a New York pulpit. But the many who fail, and who go away broken in health and spirit and with ruined prospects, are forgotten; and it still remains a subject of congratulation when a preacher who has had great success in a town or small city receives a "call" to New York. Too often it is a call only to fierce competition, to incessant and heart-breaking labor, to overwhelming anxieties, and to final failure. But the illusion will doubtless persist, and the great prizes of the pulpit in New York will be striven for as diligently as ever by the rural clergy.

It will be noted that this peculiar kind of church trouble is rarely heard of except among the non-episcopal churches. Independent churches seem to struggle for life more fiercely. One is all the while bidding against another. In the same denomination a certain kind of "comity" is usually observed in not locating one church too near another; but rival sects show little consideration, and push for eligible sites on "the avenue" as eagerly as if they were so many clubs. Yet even the episcopally governed churches steadily abandon the poorer sections of the city, and show how powerful the financial motive is with them, too, as indeed it seems that it must be with any voluntary church. Doubtless in time some scheme will be evolved amounting to endowment of churches in the parts of the city where the people are not able to support them. But at present the situation is one which saddens and burdens many hard-working pastors and workers among the poor. They steadily feel the pain and humiliation of seeing Christianity given a mercenary aspect—an aspect which, to most of us, is only occasionally and disagreeably brought home by such an incident as the action of the trustees of the West Church.

THE BICYCLE IN GREECE.

ATHENS, January 25, 1899.

It has been repeatedly suggested to me, by the regrets of a considerable number of the members of the American School at Athens, that I should give some public expression to the utility of the bicycle in Greece. I put aside certain temptations to praise the bicycle generally, and speak of it only as a help here in the study of archæology.

Every year men come to us saying: "I left my wheel at home, thinking it would be of little use in this rough country." After some reflection on the difficulty of having it sent over after them, they rent wheels a few times, after which, deterred partly by the awkwardness of having to hunt up a wheel for every little excursion, and partly by suffering from the poorer quality of wheels that are to be had on loan, they drop the habit of bicycling. But the wheel has been so keenly appreciated here by generations of students that this dropping out is to be very much deprecated. Archæology does not consist entirely in the study of books and museums. That it does largely so consist it must be confessed; but a legitimate and important part of Greek archæology is the knowledge of the face of the country; the tracing out of its ancient routes, going over the passes and climbing now and then a mountain; the skirting its coasts; the visiting its places of great renown; the studying of its battle-fields; and the seeing of the landscapes on which rested the eyes of Pericles and Epaminondas, of Sophocles and Pindar. Especially important is this for one who has but one year to spend in Greece. It is well for him, even at the expense of some time which might well be spent in the museum or in the library, so to fill his mind with the landscapes of Greece that, when he goes back and stands before his classes and speaks, for example, of Leuctra, he may be looking with the mind's eye upon the slopes down which the Spartans came charging, the opposite slope where the Thebans stood, and the valley between, where they clashed. The class is then sure to catch some of this vivid presentation, and feel that they have almost seen Leuctra themselves. If, then, one should spend the whole of his year in museums and libraries, we might say to him, "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

Granted that one wishes to see the country and to become familiar with it, so that he will read Greek history, and Greek poetry, too, with other eyes, the bicycle becomes evidently indispensable. To take an example: One morning, to shake off a headache incurred by sitting too long in a close room at an invaluable meeting of the German School the night before, I bicycled with a member of our School, who had never been there before, to Liopesi (Pæania), the birthplace of Demosthenes, stayed long enough to chat with the villagers and take a glass of their resined wine, with which one is supposed to drink in the gift of talking modern Greek, and came back to Athens all in three hours, taking it very leisurely at that, and returning by a roundabout way, reaching home full of oxygen and sans headache. We might have walked, to be sure, but not to Pæania, unless we had given the whole day to it.

Railroads will take you already to many

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parts of Greece, and in a few years, if the affairs of the country go well, you will be able to proceed by rail from the northern border of Thessaly to Kalamata at the southern end of Messenia. But even railroads cannot do all for us which the bicycle does. Exercise, open air, and, perhaps more than all, the delight in propelling one's self, will make one prefer the wheel. We can reach Eleusis by bicycle as quickly as the train takes us, and choose our own time for starting, without the alternative of sitting some time at the station or losing the train.

There are many other charming spots in Attica where no railroad comes in to help. Marathon and Salamis are two such places, to which we make excursions every year. Last year some of us rode out on Thanksgiving Day through Decelela to a point where we saw Oropus and the Eubœan Gulf at our feet, and Dirphys, the highest mountain in Eubœa, rising opposite us, and then turned around with the recollection of one of the finest views in the world to add to enjoyment of our Thanksgiving dinner. In twenty minutes, had we so wished, we could have been in Oropus. On any day one can start out from Athens and reach the end of Attica in any direction and get home to an early dinner. In fact, we have sometimes taken dinner at home after straying as far as Megara and Thebes. The acquaintance which some members of our School have gained with Attica, in all its nooks and corners, by single day's bicycle-riding, is something noteworthy; and when, in 1897, on Thanksgiving Day, we turned out ten men for a ride across Salamis to Megara for a luncheon, and came home by the shore road, we felt considerable *esprit de corps*.

The notion which foreigners have of the roads of Greece, that they are bad compared with those of other countries, is an error. A bicycle journey through Italy and Sicily disabused me of that notion. The worst road that I ever tried was that between Caserta and Naples, and the next worse was that leading into Rome from the north. There are, of course, some bad roads in Greece; but even Sicily, to say nothing of worse roads in Italy, cured me of complaining against Greece. For a pure pleasure ride, the road between Tripolitza and Sparta would be hard to match anywhere in the world. It is in capital condition, and, on account of its gentle grade, involves very little walking. Six hours suffice for the journey in either direction, and the view either way is superb. The ride through Ætolia and Acarnania, regions considered half civilized in the classical period of Greek history, but always fine in natural beauty, with big lakes, and rivers that "move in majesty" (a rare thing in Greece), hedged in by high mountains, is perhaps the best in Greece. One rides from the shore of the Corinthian Gulf opposite Patras to Arta (Ambracia) in two days, with a comfortable night at Agrinion, passing the historic Missolonghi and visiting the ruins of Calydon, Pleuron, Œniadæ, Stratos, Limnæa, and Amphilochian Argos, while to the right and left are other ruins which invite one to make détours if one is not in a hurry. And one ought not to omit the recently excavated Thermon, the ancient capital of Ætolia, even if it does cost an extra day. The long-known and impressive ruins of Œniadæ, the chief city in Acarnania, also invite one to linger a whole day instead of spending a few hours in passing.

The first five cities of ancient Greece in renown and interest were Athens, Sparta, Argos, Thebes, and Corinth. One can ride from Athens to Thebes or Corinth and back in a single day; he can also easily reach Argos from Athens in a day, and this leaves a rather long day's work for reaching Sparta. Any good bicyclist would find it no great matter to leave Thebes and pay his respects to Athens on the first day, visit Corinth and Argos on the next day, and sleep comfortably at Sparta the next night.

Perhaps, however, no better example of what one may enjoy with a bicycle can be given than the journey which I have just finished. Last Thursday the clouds dissipated themselves in such a way as to make me believe that we were about to have a few days of that winter weather which is "rarer than a day in June," and so, taking the train to Eleusis, to spare myself a little at the start, I rode over the famous Treis Kephalai Pass into Bœotia. I thought when I was at the top of the pass that the view presented was the finest in Greece. Not to mention lesser glories, Parnassus was close at hand on the left, Dirphys almost equally close on the left, while very distant, but very clear, directly in front, was "snowy Olympus," a perfect mass of white. After lunching at Thebes, I wheeled easily along to Lebadea, entering it as the setting sun was turning the white mountains into pink. The next day, more clear and beautiful than the first, if that were possible, brought one to Lamia in Thessaly, via Thermopylæ. The third day, in order to get a nearer view of Olympus, I rode and climbed up to the top of the ridge which formed the old border between Greece and Turkey, before Thessaly was incorporated into the kingdom of Greece, and on which, in the late war, the Greeks made their last stand after the battle of Domoko. From this point Olympus is, indeed, grander than from the passes of Cithæron, while the whole Pindus range, and the grand isolated peak of Tymphrestus, which some think would prove (if properly measured) to be the highest peak in Greece, stand up in majesty. Parnassus and the Aetolian Mountains make a fine showing on the south. From this point, on this same third day, as clear as the two preceding, I reached Amphissa at evening, after climbing two passes and enjoying new glories at each. It was, in fact, a continuous intoxication, to recover from which it required two days of archæological study at Delphi. This was, to be sure, almost equally intoxicating, but, being an intoxication of another sort, it let me down gently. In three days I had got a glimpse of nearly all Greece in such weather as only a Greek winter can give.

RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

JOSEPHINE AT THE MALMAISON.

PARIS, February 24, 1899.

M. Frédéric Masson has published a sequel to 'Joséphine de Beauharnais' in a new volume, entitled 'Joséphine Impératrice et Reine.' The transition is perhaps the most interesting epoch in the life of Josephine. The *liaison* with Bonaparte formed at the house of Barras was transformed very rapidly into an offer of marriage. At what moment? M. Masson prints a letter, unfortunately without date, which seems to mark the psychological moment; in this letter Bonaparte defends himself against the reproach of not loving Josephine for herself. Eleven days after, having still done the honors of the house of Barras, she accepts Bonaparte's offer. She was thirty-two years old, she had two children; Barras was very fickle and had left her several times already for Madame Tallien. She felt no love for the young general, but her friends told her that he had genius, he was generous, he was ambitious, he was on the point of taking command of a great army. She felt, perhaps if not love, some pity for the young hero who wrote her such ardent letters. She consented, but Bonaparte was really in her eyes a *pis-aller*, and she thought sincerely that she was conferring a great favor.

M. Masson does not observe the chronological order in the publication of his volumes. After Josephine's life before her marriage with Bonaparte, he ought to have given us her life in the interval between the marriage and the 18th Brumaire and during the Consulate; his new volume takes up Josephine in 1804, when she has become an Empress. The reason is, that this 'Joséphine Impératrice et Reine' had already been published apart in a splendid edition by Goupil, which was too dear for the general public. The new volume gives only the text of this magnificent edition, but M. Masson has added to it a fresh chapter on the Malmaison, the house which Josephine inhabited during the Consulate and after her divorce.

The Malmaison deserves a special mention all the more because it is on the point of becoming a great Bonapartist museum. A rich financier has recently bought what remains of it, with the intention of making a complete restoration of the place which will always be identified with the time of the Consulate. The Malmaison is situated on a bend of the Seine, in the pretty region, so well known to the painters, which comprises Rueil, Bougival, Marly, and St. Germain. At the time when Josephine was Madame de Beauharnais, she lived much at Croissy, which is in the same region. She was there in 1792, again in 1793; she returned to Croissy on coming out of prison. She saw from Croissy, on the opposite side of the river, the château of Malmaison, with its high roofs; it became the home of her dreams, though it was not very architectural, only a central part with two side pavilions; and fifteen windows in all on the façade. "Near the château there was a farm; the park was not very large; there were some vineyards besides (there are still some vineyards in that neighborhood, where people make a little wine as sour as the famous wine of Suresnes or Argenteuil)." The name of Malmaison comes from *mala domus;* it is rather common in France.

In 1771 the château belonged to a *famille de robe* connected with the Parlement, an intellectual family, as was apt to be the case. After the Revolution, it was in the hands of the only *fermier-général* who had not been guillotined, M. du Moley. He was in need of money; Josephine took Bonaparte to Malmaison immediately after her marriage; an offer of 250,000 francs for it was made, but the negotiation was interrupted by the expedition to Egypt. In his absence M. de Moley sold the house to Josephine, in her own name, as she was married *séparée de biens*. The price of the house was 225,000 francs; the furniture was bought for 37,516 francs. As soon as possible Josephine established herself at the Malmaison. She was dying to play the part of a *dame de château*. "The first person whom she in-

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stalls in it is Citizen Charles, the ex-assistant to the Adjutant-General of the army of Italy; Charles, the *boute-en-train*, the *calembouriste*, with whom she likes to prolong in the night, or under the indiscreet rays of the sun, sentimental journeys in the great avenues. 'How she loves her brother!' say the peasants of Rueil, who see her through the grille on their way to the Halles."

Josephine had debts; she could not bring herself to sell the jewels which Bonaparte had given her after the Italian campaign. She had borrowed money to pay for the Malmaison; she had not paid her taxes; she owed money to everybody, even to her servants. Her Bonaparte relations refused to help her; but, with the unconsciousness and levity of a true creole, she continued to spend, to buy whatever pleased her. With a childish pleasure she showed her neighbors her pearls, her diamonds, her cameos, and, in her house, the pictures, statues, mosaics which had been presented to Bonaparte in Italy. It was time that Bonaparte should return; he did return. He did not go to the Malmaison, but to the Rue de la Victoire, where took place the famous scene in which Bonaparte, who had come back determined on divorce, was reconquered by Josephine. While in Egypt his relations had informed against her, he had written her the most angry letters; he had the most serious grounds for a divorce, but he could not resist the tears and entreaties of Josephine. They were reconciled, and she at once took him to the Malmaison.

"It was," says M. Masson, "a real home for one who had never lived anywhere but in colleges, schools, barracks, huts, palaces, inns, through which he went having nothing but what he wore on his body; now he has a house which he can call his own, a garden where he can cool his ardor, a few acres of which he can call himself master; and he pays, but in his own name, not in the name of Josephine, the 210,000 francs still due to Du Moley; he pays the rest, the clamorous debts—all he is asked to pay for."

The *coup d'état* of Brumaire follows almost immediately upon the return from Egypt; and as soon as the blow is struck, as soon as Bonaparte feels himself master of France, he goes to the Malmaison for repose. For a moment he thinks of leading a quiet life, of playing the Cincinnatus; but he cannot keep quiet, and, having nothing better to do, he summons architects. He confers with Fontaine, the architect of the day, and orders changes and additions to the Malmaison. He must have a larger dining-room, a library, etc. When he returns to Italy, Josephine superintends the works. Six hundred thousand francs were spent on all these additions and improvements. Pictures were ordered for the Malmaison from all the good painters of the time—Gérard, Girodet, and others. The subjects were: "Ossian evoking phantoms to the sound of the harp on the shores of the Lora" and "Ossian and the warriors receiving in Valhalla the French warriors who had died for their country." Ossian was a great favorite with Bonaparte. "You have had a grand idea," said Bonaparte to Girodet, who had chosen this last subject; "the figures are really phantoms; I recognize the generals." Other pictures represented "The First Consul sleeping with fatigue at the passage of the Alps," and "General Bonaparte on the summit of the Alps." The painters of that time had very singular notions of the Alps, but had Napoleon himself not told Gros to represent him in the Alps "calm on a fiery horse"? Portraits of Josephine, of Madame the mother of Bonaparte, completed the decoration of the great salons. In other rooms there were Pompeiian decorations on panels: vases, tables in stucco, busts of all sorts. The whole ornamentation was in that style which we call the Empire, afterwards much neglected and despised, and, strangely enough, now coming again into fashion.

Josephine spent much of her time in discussion with the architects and with her gardeners—more, I suspect, than with her librarian, for there was also a library at the Malmaison. The librarian was Father Dupuy, who received a salary of 3,600 francs a year. He was a Minim of Brienne, whom Bonaparte had not forgotten. All the books at the Malmaison were modestly bound in calf, and bore on their covers the monogram P. B. (Pagerie-Bonaparte). When they were sold, there was a printed sale catalogue, but I have never been able to procure it. It would be interesting to know what books Josephine and Bonaparte read during the Consulate. Many of the volumes, however, were presents. The most important were the great works printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, such as the famous 'Description de l'Égypte,' a folio which can still be picked up at a moderate price.

Josephine was passionately fond of flowers; she had hot-houses and a botanical garden. She appointed Redouté (author of a fine work on roses) to be her flower-painter, and authorized him to publish the 'Jardin de la Malmaison,' a beautiful work, which cost her in all 130,000 francs. Josephine's expenditures were so great that Napoleon had to make a yearly budget, but it was never respected, and there were always extraordinary credits to be opened. M. Masson enters into the most minute details concerning all the improvements and additions devised by Josephine—temples, grottoes, artificial rocks, bridges, statues, vases, English gardens, antiquities, columns, ancient pictures, mineralogical cabinets.

Napoleon grew by degrees tired of the Malmaison; he lost this interest in it when he was able to take the Palace of Saint-Cloud as a residence. The Malmaison, however, is near Saint-Cloud, and Josephine, even when she became Empress, always considered the Malmaison as a home. It seemed to her a sort of material tie between Napoleon and herself; her perpetual fear of a divorce rendered dearer to her the house in which she had lived with Napoleon before dynastic preoccupations took possession of him. She knew that the Malmaison would be her retreat if the divorce was pronounced, and if Napoleon took a second wife. When Napoleon installed himself at Saint-Cloud, his first care was to build a good road between the Malmaison and Saint-Cloud. Josephine bought land along that road, when she found an opportunity. Her dream was to be able to go to Saint-Cloud without going out of her own land.

It is to be hoped that the Malmaison will soon be restored. In its present state you would hardly recognize it as it figures in the engravings of the time and as it is described in M. Masson's book. This book will be a valuable document for those who have undertaken the restoration. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to acquire all the land which once belonged to Josephine's estate, as it has been sold in lots, and is partially covered with villas. The restoration of the ancient park is less important than the restoration of the château, which is a very easy task; and when once the château is rebuilt on its former plan, and furnished in its old style, probably many gifts will be made to the museum, which will help to give it the character of a true museum of a very definite and historically very important period.

Correspondence.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN AT THE WEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To a man born, educated, and trained in the East and long resident in the Middle West, there are many opportunities for observing the really essential differences of temperament and character between the citizens of those sections. In perhaps nothing is that divergence more manifest than in the attitude of those two sections towards the Philippine question. How the plain citizen feels in the East about the question I have no means of knowing at first hand, but it is quite evident in my mind that the plain people of the West are almost unanimously in favor of expansion. To explain precisely why would be a hard task; but there seem to be at least two considerable factors in producing this popular feeling.

Our people—and I mean by that farmers and inhabitants of small towns, cities, and villages in the Mississippi valley—our people feel in the first place that they are just as good as any other people on earth, individually and collectively. Having never come in contact with others superior to their own class, this illusion has never been jostled appreciably. Intensely, perhaps fanatically, patriotic, they are great readers of newspapers, and when they see from day to day the world's doings and the small part that America plays therein, their pride is hurt; they feel that there are a good many good things going on abroad in which they as Americans have no share. Geographical and financial considerations prevent their taking closer view of these glorious performances, so luridly set forth in their darling newspaper. Sturdy Americans as they are, they are jealous of "abroad," and want to know more about it. Hence the frantic eagerness of Chicago to have the World's Fair brought to our very doors, where we could see and study foreign nations. The further removed our citizens are from the currents of the world's activities, the more interested they become therein. Consequently, when the Philippine question came up, the most enthusiastic expansionists were those who lived farthest away from the political centre of the equilibrium of the world. So when McKinley asked these people, "Will (!) we take these foreign islands?" there was not the slightest delay in the response. The answer was: "Sure thing, the sooner the better." Their mental attitude was precisely that of a country yokel who had been gazing at circus posters all his life, and was suddenly asked if he would like to join the circus.

After that arose the question as to the rights of the inhabitants of the Philippines, and, strangely enough, our people turned an absolutely deaf ear to such queries. Why they should do so is one of the enigmas of modern political psychology for which many explanations have been adduced, but I suspect that our publicists have been overlook-

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ing one factor in our national life which may shed some light on the conundrum. Roughly stated, it may be said that our people are beginning to doubt the doctrine of political equality. As if to satirize the idea, Europe has been sending us object-lessons by the million, and the negro has contributed valuable lessons for us. We have been gradually growing tired of folks inferior to ourselves, and, doctrine or no doctrine, we have not failed to show it. Whatever we may have once thought of the negro, there is no blinking the fact that nowadays we do not esteem him. Roaming gangs of tramps have opened country folks' eyes on points in comparative anthropology. Traditions of encounters with savage Indian tribes hereabouts are not all dead in the country districts, and when it was alleged that the original inhabitants of the islands were no better than Indians, tramps, negroes, or Hungarians, etc., the average American Mississippi valley citizen had no scruples in allowing a denial of rights to such cattle. The average American to-day believes in the immortal principles of the immortal Declaration of Independence if carefully enclosed within a circumscribed circle and applied with discretion and strictly to our own people. And he also has the temerity to say that such were the views of the immortal George and the immortal Thomas, or would be if they were permitted to see to what extent their views had been distorted in subsequent years. Personally, I think the farmers and villagers are right. I have read the *Nation* religiously for twenty-five years; I admire its keenness, honesty, and fearlessness, but I am surprised that it fails to read the signs aright of the growing popular distrust of the doctrine of Equality in America.

A Western American.

Chicago, February, 1899.

A TEST CASE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is with great satisfaction that I see you have taken up the subject of the ignominy imposed on our homeward-bound travellers by the custom-house rules. I became conscious of it the first time I returned alone from Europe. I presented my declaration, together with exact lists of the articles supposed to be dutiable which I was bringing in, and which were carefully packed, with the bills, in a separate trunk. When the custom-house official proceeded to open my other baggage I resented and resisted his doing so. Friends who had come to meet me warned me that I had better not make him angry. I was too angry myself to care, although he was tipsy, very impertinent (before any discussion arose), and made offensive remarks about his tests whether women's gowns had been worn or not; but this is aside from the point, as well as the fact that his examination was superficial and that the duties were trifling. When I asked what was the object of the declaration if the baggage was to be examined afterwards, I was told that it was only a form, devised, not for persons like myself, but for those who would smuggle, and that the officers know to a certainty whom to suspect; that the examination of other people's trunks was merely another form. Then why make the suspected declare? For the form. Then why examine the unsuspected? For the form. I put the questions as a logical dilemma without getting any further. The law compels smugglers to become also liars and perjurers, and puts honest people in the position of being liars, perjurers, and smugglers to boot. My amazement and disgust that hundreds of thousands of respectable Americans yearly submit to this infamy were unbounded, and I registered a vow never again to undergo it.

On my next return from abroad, now ten years ago, I declined to make a declaration, saying that I would rather have my trunks emptied on the wharf. But on landing I found that this was not the alternative. No declaration? Then my baggage *would not be opened on the wharf*, but must go to some Appraiser's office, bonded warehouse, or other place of storage, I forget what. My demand to have it examined then and there was vain; it was carted off, and, as business hours were nearly over, I was told that nothing more could be done about it that day. I went home, a three hours' journey, and returned early next morning to prove whether I could reclaim my property without classing myself with smugglers, liars, and perjurers. My head was giddy and my legs were weak from the voyage; delays and difficulties were many; if I remember right, I was obliged to apply at five places, driving to and fro across New York below Park Place through the narrowest thoroughfares at the most crowded time of day. More than four hours were spent in this manner. Every official in succession stared and asked the same question: "Why did you not make a declaration?" and on my answering, "Because I would not make a declaration and then have my baggage examined—one or the other, not both," he stared again and recommenced the explanation that it was only a form, etc. At length I reached the final stage; a courteous and kindly personage gave me the order of release for my trunks, and repeated the official question and explanation. I asked him if he had sons: "Yes, two, nearly grown up." "You expect them to be honest, honorable men?" "I hope they are so already," he replied, flushing. "Then," I said, "you had better teach them not to accept the imputation of dishonesty and dishonor, as that blunts the sense of honor."

I went home victorious, but nauseated, to be indisposed for weeks from my exertions and experience. What struck me as the worst symptom I had met with was the universal surprise at my objection to write myself down liar and perjurer. Most of my friends said I was a fool, and I fear the rest thought so. What I thought of them was that the Government had destroyed the self-respect of the country. I tried to write you a short account of the matter then, when the precise details were fresh in my mind, and entitled it "A Nation without the Point of Honor," but I was ailing too long to do so while the grievance was fresh. It may not be too late yet, however, since you are stirring up our sluggish sensibilities.—Yours gratefully, An American Woman.

March 9, 1899.

"THE LAW OF THE ROAD."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. H. M. Doak has recalled to me much about road law that has long lain dormant in my memory. I have had driving experience both in England and in America, and have had a good deal of travelling on horseback or behind a horse in England and on the Continent of Europe. My people have led a country life for generations, farmers and yeomen, so that there has been among us a kind of tradition of horse for ever so long. But I have never heard any suggestion to explain the British rule of road, "Keep to the left," as Mr. Doak does. What my father told me, when he used to take me out in his gig or dog-cart, was this: You turn to the left when you meet a horse and cart because, by passing on that side, you do not run any risk of pressing or hurting the man in charge; for, if the horse is led, the man leads him by the *right* (the strong) hand, and the man is thus on the side of the horse most distant from passing carriages if they keep to the *left*.

So much for the horse and cart. Next take two carriages, each driven by a man on the box: the coachman in every country I know sits at the *right*-hand side of the box. Now, what is the safest rule to make for meeting and passing, taking the coachman's seat into account? Evidently it will be the rule that will give the coachman the most exact knowledge of the position of his carriage as he meets or passes another carriage. It is therefore obvious that, with coachmen sitting on the right side of the carriages, the safest rule for meeting is for carriages to be right to right, and that is equivalent to saying, "Keep to the *left*." For passing, the safest rule would be that the overtaking coachman should have the overtaken carriage on his right, and that also means, "Let the *faster* of the two carriages going in the same direction keep to the *left*." Then, of course, the *slower* must go to the *right*.

So we can now understandingly examine both the English and the American rules. The former is, "Keep to the left meeting, to the right overtaking"; the latter exactly the reverse, "Keep to the right meeting, to the left overtaking." Of the rules for meeting, the English is better; of those for overtaking, the American would be the better but for one consideration, namely, that the slower overtaken vehicle pushed over to the right-hand side of the road may immediately need to meet a third vehicle, and to do this properly has to cross the road. It is this consideration which has, I believe, led to the adoption in England of the opposite rule, in accordance with which the slower vehicle grinds along at the left-hand side of the road undisturbed by either meeters or passers.

The case of the led horse remains: in his case the main point is to keep him from being able to strike out at meeting or passing horses or vehicles. To secure this, he is kept close to the edge of the road, and the man leading him keeps between him and all other traffic or animals. He leads him by his strong hand, his right hand; and so the led horse is kept as close as possible to the right-hand edge of the road, looking in the direction in which he is travelling, and everything gladly makes way for him.

I am inclined, when driving in America and continental Europe, to be less comfortable in meeting a carriage or wagon than in overtaking it, while in England my feelings are exactly the reverse. I would gladly hear the experiences of others in a similar plight. One thing is quite beyond my comprehension, namely, the fact that the Americans, even of English descent, appear to have utterly rejected the English practice. In Canada the majority do the same, but in some towns (is Toronto among them?) the English

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practice obtains. How is this to be explained? WILLIAM 'GOW.

ORANGE, N. J., March 10, 1899.

[In St. John, New Brunswick, twenty-five years ago, the rule of keeping to the left prevailed; and perhaps it still prevails. What was more surprising to right-handed foreigners was that the same rule determined the passing of pedestrians on the sidewalks.—ED. NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Doak on "The Law of the Road," in the *Nation* of March 9, presents the curious question, Why did our English forefathers reverse their own English usage, and thereby establish in this country a new law of the road—that of keeping to the right instead of to the left?

The English usage did not originate with gentlemen on horseback carrying swords, but with English carters in smock-frocks, riding the "near horse" or plodding along on the left side of the road. The usage was established before the days of canals, steamboats, or railroad trains, when the heavily laden dray, moving in long trains, did all the transportation service of the country, and when there was no driving in the modern sense of that term.

The reason why the English keep to the left in driving, and why all horsemen mount on the left side of the horse, is because all men (substantially) were created right-handed. That much is plain; the feeblest intellect can grasp it. The carter's chief instrument for guiding and animating his team—for inflicting punishment and making a noise—was his carter's whip. Being right-handed, it was necessary that he should carry his whip in his right hand. To use it effectively, it was necessary that it should be, as near as might be, in the middle of the field of operations. If the carter would mount the left horse, he must mount on the left side, and if he would not mount and dismount in the middle of the road, where the English mud was deepest, the team must be on the left side of the road. When he dismounted there, he found, and helped to make and maintain, a foot-path along which he trudged, having his team within reach of his whip hand, and the horse on which he rode nearest to himself; whence the terms "near horse" and "off horse," which in modern days are to the American meaningless.

The reason why all horsemen in European countries as well as in England mount on the left side is likewise because their fathers were created right-handed. Being right-handed necessitated carrying the sword or sabre on the left side. If they had mounted on the right side, they would have had to clutch the scabbard and lift it over the horse when they mounted. In a word, the origin of the English usage of turning to the left and of the universal usage of mounting a horse on the left, is plain—it sprang from a general condition of right-handedness.

But apprehending the real reason for the English usage does not help us to a solution of the problem, Why did Englishmen in America, when on the highway, do exactly the opposite of that which they had been accustomed to do in the land where they were born and bred? When I was a boy, I was told that our Northern winters, deep snows, and drifted roads had brought about the change. It was said that the greater part of the travelling in the early colonial days was done after the sleighing was good—that when two sleighs met and both had to "turn out" into the unbroken snow, it was better for the driver to be free to spring out and hold up his sleigh without having his legs crushed by the one he was meeting—that on the right side he could see where he was going, which was of more importance than seeing whether his sleigh would scrape against the other sleigh. (Here I may note parenthetically that the driver at an early day had shifted his seat from the carter's side of the vehicle to the right side, and for the same reason, viz., that he might have his whip-hand free.) But this explanation of snow and snow-drifts failed me when I found that "Keep to the right" was the law of usage from Canada to South Carolina. My inquiries have not been scientific or exhaustive, and there may have been parts of the country wherein, in the early days, drivers "turned out" to the left. The English railroads followed the carter's usage and ran on the left track. The railroads in New Jersey followed the English railway usage, and for a long time obstinately continued to do so. There may have been a left-hand usage in New Jersey upon the highways. Yet in South Carolina there was a conservative English community, and in South Carolina there was neither snow nor sleighing, nor wagon-traffic with the snow-bound States; and yet there they keep to the right, and the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

I have not looked into early colonial and State statutes to ascertain the earliest legislation in regard to the law of the road, and I should attach but little importance to what might be found, for legislation merely regulates and enforces usage. The singular and extraordinary fact remains to be explained that different and remote communities, when transplanted from one continent to another, without law or obligation of any kind, immediately, or almost immediately, took to doing exactly the opposite of what they had all their lives been accustomed to do.

CHARLES C. NOTT.

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent on this subject has given reasons for the English rule which should be satisfactory to all. In reply to his question, Why did our colonial ancestors change it to "Keep to the right?" I would say that the reasons referred to apply to an old, long-civilized country, where drivers are in a large majority. There the driver, sitting on the right, must turn to the left, on meeting any other vehicle, in order to watch his wheels in passing those of the other. In a new colony, where agriculturists abound, ox-teams must far outnumber all wagons and carriages. The teamster, walking at the head of his cattle, on the left, must, for the same reason, keep to the right to watch the wheels. "Keep to the right," with us, is too firmly fixed to change. Some drivers adapt themselves to it by sitting on the left, but at the loss of the freedom of the whip-hand. F. B.

CAMBRIDGE, March 10, 1899.

THE "MISOGONUS" AND LAURENCE JOHNSON THE MARTYR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Misogonus," of which Collier long ago gave an analysis, and which Prof. Brandl of Berlin has just edited (with many curiosities in text and notes) in his 'Quellen des weltlichen Dramas in England' (Strassburg, 1898), is so early and so interesting a specimen of English university comedy that any information about it is worth recording.

The manuscript which has preserved the play is signed, under the list of *dramatis personae*, "Laurentius Bariona. Kettheringe. Die 20 Novembris, Anno 1577." The fifth letter of the surname is said by Collier to be a Greek omega; Prof. Brandl makes it a *w;* Dr. F. I. Carpenter, of the University of Chicago, who has examined the manuscript, assures me that Collier is right. No attempt to identify this Bar-Jona has been made, so far as I know. Brandl contents himself with remarking: "hebräisch=Taubensohn." Clearly we should seek in Bar-Jona not a Semite, but a scholarly Englishman who for some reason (in jest or earnest) wished either to conceal his name or to play a verbal trick with it.

"Bar" is, of course, "son," and we may without temerity recognize in "Laurentius Bariona" plain *Laurence Johnson.*

Laurence Johnson is no mythical being. He was fellow of Brasenose College in 1569, and applied for his B.A. on November 25, 1572. Certain conditions were imposed, and it is not known whether he fulfilled them or not. At all events, he went to Douay in 1573, to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and later to Rheims. In 1577 he took priest's orders, and in the same year he returned to England as a missionary. In 1581 he was indicted for treason, being associated in the indictment with the celebrated Jesuit Edmund Campion and several other priests. On the 30th of May, 1582, he was hanged at Tyburn. We have two accounts of his execution, both from eye-witnesses. One is from the pen of Anthony Munday, who had given evidence for the prosecution ('A breefe and true reporte of the Execucion of certaine Traytours', 1582, reprinted by Collier in his Shakespeare Society edition of Munday's "John a Kent and John a Cumber," 1852). The other is from a friendly hand, and may be found in the 'Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ in Anglia adversus Calvino-papistas et Puritanos,' Treves, 1588, folio 93 v° ff. Johnson was not a Jesuit, but a secular priest.

On his return to England in 1577, Johnson had assumed the alias "Laurence *Richardson,*" his father's Christian name being Richard, and it is in this same year that we find him (if my conjecture is correct) concealing his real identity under the punning disguise of "Bariona" in the "Misogonus" manuscript.

A reviewer in the *Literarisches Centralblatt* for February 11 (col. 206) remarks that "Laurentius Bariona" stands in the British Museum Catalogue as the author of a "Cometographia, London, 1578." This book I have not had a chance to examine. Its title however, indicates that the author was a Christian: 'Cometographia quaedam Lampadis aeriae qu[a]e 10-die Novemb. apparuit *Anno a virgineo partu* 1577,' and we need not hesitate, provisionally, to ascribe it to Laurence Johnson. One might even conjecture that he adopted the pseudonym for the special purpose of this book. At all events, the signature in the Misogonus MS. and the date of the comet are less than a month apart. The 'Cometographia' was doubtless not so

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much astronomical as prodigious and exemplary, like T. T[wine ?]'s English book on the same subject, which appeared in the same year: 'A View of certain wonderful effects . . . newly conferred with the presignyfications of the Comete, or blasing Star, which appered in the Southwest vpō the .x. day of Nouem. the yere last past 1577.' The Comet of 1577 is that which gave Tycho Brahe the materials for his famous investigations on the parallax of comets, and the whole of part ii. of his 'Opera Omnia' (Frankfort, 1648) is devoted to it. Some account of the ominous character ascribed to this "blazing star" may be conveniently found in 'Stanislai Lubieniecii Historia Cometarum,' Amsterdam, 1666, pp. 373-7, whence we learn that, after the disastrous campaign of Don Sebastian in Africa, the comet was by many thought to have prefigured the death of Sebastian, Muley Mohammed, and Abdel-Melek. For contemporary impressions, see the letter quoted in Strype's 'Annals of the Reformation,' bk. ii., chap. 10, ed. 1725, ii, 510. American readers may like to consult Increase Mather, 'ΚΟΜΗΤΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ. Or a Discourse Concerning Comets,' Boston, 1683, pp. 101-3.

The prologue to the "Misogonus" is signed "Thomas Richardes." A person of this name was one of Johnson's fellow-students at Oxford (college unknown), and applied for his B.A. on December 7, 1571 ('Register of the University of Oxford,' ed. by A. Clark, II., 13, Oxford Historical Society Publications, Vol. XII.), shortly before the date of Johnson's application.

The authorship of the "Misogonus" is still an open question. If, as Collier thinks, the play was written in 1560, the author may have been neither Johnson nor Richards.

Information with regard to Johnson may be found in the following works: Anthony à Wood, 'Fasti Oxonienses,' ed. Bliss, I., 189 (cf. 477, 478); 'Register of the University of Oxford,' ed. Clark, as above, II., 18; Foster, 'Alumni Oxonienses,' 1500-1714, II., 815; Challoner, 'Memoirs of Missionary Priests,' Manchester, 1803, I., 54 ff; Richard Simpson, 'Edmund Campion,' 1867, pp. 230-2, 309; Henry Foley, 'Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus,' II. (revised edition), 170 ff., III., 42, IV., 359; letter from C. Hodgson to L. Johnson, April, 1580, 'Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, Addenda, 1580-1625,' p. 4.

G. L. KITTREDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 8, 1899.

Notes.

R. H. Russell announces 'The Portfolio of National Portraits,' eight portraits of historic Americans, engraved on wood by Gustav Kruell, in a limited edition of 250 copies; 'English Portraits,' large lithographs by Will Rothenstein, of which the American edition is twelve copies; 'Political Hits,' cartoons by W. A. Rogers; 'The King's Lyrics,' verse of the time of James I. and Charles I., selected by Fitz Roy Carrington, and illustrated by prints of the period; 'Just Rhymes,' humorous verse by Charles B. Loomis, illustrated by F. J. Cory; 'The Baronet and the Butterfly,' Eden versus Whistler, by the artist; uniform editions of "Cyrano de Bergerac," Hauptmann's "The Weavers" and "Lonely Lives," Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "The Master Builder," and Augustus Thomas's "Alabama." Finally, 'Treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art,' by Arthur Hoeber, illustrated.

The Baker & Taylor Co. have in press 'George Müller of Bristol,' by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson; 'From the Child's Standpoint,' studies of child nature by Florence Hull Winterburn; and 'Wild Flowers,' illustrated, by E. M. Hardinge (Maud Going); and 'Vedânta Philosophy,' lectures by the Swâni Vivekânandâ.

Macmillan will soon publish 'A Selection of Poems for School Reading,' by Marcus White, Principal of the State Normal Training School, New Britain, Conn., and 'An Introduction to the Poetical and Prose Works of John Milton,' by Prof. Hiram Corson of Cornell.

The first separate reprint of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Morality of the Profession of Letters' (from the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1891) is announced by the Brothers of the Book (Laurence C. Woodworth), Gouverneur, N. Y. It will consist of 350 copies on hand-made paper, bound in crushed buckram.

Mr. Charles Welsh, pursuing his well-known antiquarian researches into things childish, desires contributions of nursery rhymes and jingles, especially local or distinctly American, with a view to tracing the evolution of a national nursery literature. He may be addressed at No. 67½ Wyman Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

A good opportunity for linguistic discipline is promised in 'Unsere Monarchie: Die Oesterreichischen Kronländer zur Zeit des fünfzigjährigen Regierungs-Jubiläums Franz Josef I.' (Berlin: Werner Co.; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). This jubilee work will take the shape of an oblong folio, to be issued in twenty-four monthly parts, each having twelve full-page photographic illustrations. The text is in four parallel columns, in German, Bohemian, Polish, and Italian.

We have frequently called attention to 'Monographs on Artists,' thin volumes, copiously illustrated, edited by H. Knackfuss and published by Velhagen & Klasing in Leipzig (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Hitherto the text has been German, but a reissue (from the same house) has now begun in English, the translator being Campbell Dodgson, M.A., assistant in the department of prints and drawings at the British Museum. This will be welcome news to many non-German art-lovers, and the Raphael and Holbein just put forth in more familiar garb are excellent examples of the extensive picture-gallery which the subscribers to this series amass. We regret that the fresh departure has not improved upon the original scheme by providing both tables of contents and indexes.

We have received from the Macmillan Co. two more volumes of the "Rural Science Series," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University. One of them, by Prof. F. W. Card, is a treatise on 'Bush-Fruits,' and is compact with practical information. The other is entitled, 'The Principles of Agriculture,' and is intended rather for schools and rural societies than for the ordinary farmer. It does not follow that the ordinary farmer will not be profited by reading it; but it is an exposition of fundamental principles, not an agricultural manual.

Col. J. D. Miley's 'In Cuba with Shafter,' which the Scribners have just published, does not throw any light on the real mystery of the Santiago campaign—which is, why the plan of attack prepared by the naval officers and at first approved by Gen. Shafter was afterwards abandoned by that officer. One controverted point Col. Miley does, indeed, clear up. This is the doubt whether Gen. Wheeler did not disobey the order of June 24, assigning his division to Daiquiri, and, by pushing on in front of Gen. Lawton, bring on the engagement of Las Guásimas. Col. Miley explains that Gen. Wheeler, who was chief in command on shore, pressed on so very early in the morning of June 24 that the order detaining him did not reach him. For the rest, the book is a plain narrative of the battle, siege, and capitulation, with some added pages giving fresh matter in the shape of an account of Col. Miley's expedition to receive the surrender of the outlying Spanish garrisons. The military maps at the end are finer than any we have seen in similar publications.

From the Scribners, too, we have a new book of Carlyle. Rather, it is a very old book, being nothing less than the studies and sketches he made for his long projected but finally abandoned history of the Civil War and Commonwealth. The MS. was docketed by Carlyle himself in 1865 as "probably about 1849—have not looked at it since, nor will." It has now been edited by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, and is published under the title 'Historical Sketches of Notable Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.'

As a gift-book for grown people, it would be hard to imagine anything more attractive than the volume of 'Early Italian Love Stories' just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. It contains twelve *novelle*, translated by Una Taylor, and adorned with thirteen beautiful full-page illustrations by Henry J. Ford. The "early" of the title should not be interpreted too literally, as half of the stories belong to the sixteenth century. The authors represented are Boccaccio, Giovanni Fiorentino, Masuccio, Cintio, Erizzo, Straparola, and Bandello. None of the tales selected are gay, and most of them end tragically. Giovanni Fiorentino contributes the famous narrative of the Lady of Belmonte. The translation, while very free, preserves, without the use of tiresome archaisms, much of the antique flavor of the originals. The peculiar charm of these tales can hardly fail to awaken in the reader a feeling of regret that the *novella*—one of the most characteristic manifestations of the Italian genius—is so little studied and so little accessible.

The Boston Record Commissioners issue their twenty-eighth report, consisting of lists of the marriages recorded on the town records from 1700 to 1751, checked for the period 1709-1751 by the publishments (intentions of marriage), and supplemented from church records and a few other sources. The key to this unpretentious volume of 350 pages is an index one-third as bulky. Genealogists may be trusted to appreciate the labor bestowed on this compilation by Mr. Edward W. McGlenen, of the Registrar's Office.

Mrs. Susan Whitney Dimock, who published two years ago as a labor of love a handsome volume of 'Births, Marriages, Baptisms, and Deaths from the Records of the Town and Churches in Coventry, Conn.,' has produced a companion work for the town of Mansfield in Windham County (New York: Baker & Taylor Co.). In each case of town or church record the compiler has grouped in alphabetical order the vital facts for a given

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family or name. Thus, at the very beginning we have, under Abbe, the children of Gideon and Mary (Wood), Gideon and Keziah (Walker, second wife), Gideon and Bathsheba (Smith [presumably third wife]), etc. Nothing could be more convenient for the searcher. In other words, we have not a mixed chronological transcript, but a classified arrangement answering (with the index to the several divisions) every need, if we assume the correctness of the copy. Mrs. Dimock appeals to the State to print these records of the elder towns which are fast becoming illegible, and are already partly destroyed—especially the church records.

The Rumanian Geographical Society has issued the fourth and concluding part of the first volume of its 'Grand Geographical Dictionary of Rumania.' It consists of more than 200 quarto pages of three columns each, and treats of the localities arranged alphabetically between Botosani and Bucharest. Detailed descriptions of the larger cities are given, and more than a third of this number is devoted to an exhaustive account of Bucharest.

'Schantung und seine Eingangspforte Kiautschou' is the title of a handsomely printed volume of more than 300 octavo pages (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer), in which that eminent authority Baron von Richthofen discusses the practical benefits which ought to follow Germany's acquisition of a Chinese port. Although for the most part a mere repetition of what had already appeared in the author's great work on China published about twenty years ago, and based on a journey made thirty years ago, it possesses the interest conferred by the element of timeliness, and is further rendered useful by the addition of new matter concerned chiefly with details as to mineral wealth, possibilities of manufacturing and commercial development, the openings for railroads and the like. The view taken is throughout a sanguine one. The author considers it a blessing for China that a friendly Power, not over-anxious for territorial expansion, has established itself in the harbor of Kiao-Chau, and is about to establish a city there which will serve to open up a rich province whose population is, perhaps, the most vigorous, manly, and reliable to be found in China. Whatever may be thought of Richthofen's opinions, there can be no doubt of the intelligence and industry with which he has assembled a great mass of valuable material, which no one can neglect who wishes to be informed on the current problems concerning the Far East.

A paper on the economic condition of the Philippines, by Max L. Tornow, occupies the larger part of the *National Geographic Magazine* for February. It contains a useful summary of information in regard to the resources, agricultural and mineral, of the islands, with statistical tables embracing many details of the foreign commerce since early in the century. Less than a tenth of the available arable land is under cultivation, nor can there be any extensive plantations until railways, good roads, and laborers are provided. There are extensive coal-fields of excellent quality, and iron-ore comparing favorably with that of Sweden, waiting to be worked. The author, who has lived in Manila and experienced the blighting effects of the rapacity of the Spanish officials, closes with a brief exposition of the necessities of the situation, which may be summed up in the two words, honest government. There follows a lively account of Manila after Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet, by the German military attaché at that place, Major A. Falkner von Sonnenburg. Describing the Spanish operations against the insurgents on the outskirts of the city, he says that "the character of the country seems to be almost ideal for the kind of warfare which military men call 'guerilla fighting.' Only a very methodical and slow warfare gives reliable and *enduring* results." He says a good word for the Jesuits, as the only religious order which has succeeded "in being loved and esteemed by native and government alike."

As railway tunnels have made the Alps, for the tourist and for trade, merely a geographical expression, so a ferry service soon to connect Reggio and Messina will abolish the Sicilian straits. Syracuse will thus become the southernmost port of Italy taken as a whole, and will compete with Naples for the transit to and from Malta and Alexandria and Bombay. Daily trains from Calais will convey goods in bulk to the Sicilian land's end, and in time passenger trains will likewise be ferried across for Palermo or for Syracuse. A weekly fast palace-car train will serve London (by way of Calais) and Berlin, and shorten the course from the former city to Syracuse to sixty-one hours, possibly to fifty-eight, and enable the traveller leaving London at nine A. M. on Thursday to be in Alexandria at six P. M. on Monday. The sea passage will be reduced from sixty-four hours to forty-four. The *Giornale di Sicilia* foresees a marked increase of visitors to the island itself; and so does the great personal conductor Cook. America is left out of account; but nothing is surer than that Palermo will vie with Genoa and Naples hereafter as the American's door to Italy, in view of the shortened voyage and the delightful welcome in scenery and climate. No doubt the unhappy population is to gain, morally and politically, by this closer connection with the peninsula and contact with foreigners.

We notice that the "Electra" of Sophocles is to be presented in English by the graduates of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, on April 6 and 7 at the Germania Club in that city; the proceeds to go to the Alumnæ Fund. Miss Frances Greene has composed the music for the occasion.

Mr. William I. Fletcher's Department of Library Economy in the Sauveur Summer School at Amherst, Mass., will open on July 10 for a session of six weeks.

A correspondent writes: "In a Note in your issue of the 2d inst. you speak of the amusing argument as to when the twentieth century properly begins. Mr. Gilbert Parker, in his recent fine story, appears to share in the somewhat general confusion as to how many years it takes to make a century. In the proem to 'The Battle of the Strong' he says: 'There is no man living to-day who could tell you how the morning broke and the sun rose on the first day of January, 1800. . . . The lilt of the sensations, the idiosyncrasy of voice, emotion, and mind of the first hour of our century,' etc."

—The Oxford Historical Society, during the fifteen years of its activity, has published, through the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde), a number of learned and expensive volumes on the early history of Oxford. They have thus rendered accessible to the few who are likely to be interested the Register of the University from 1449, the memorials of individual colleges such as Merton and Magdalen, and other records of great value to the antiquary. These works have been issued at the rate of one or two a year. In 1898 was published, under the editorship of Mr. H. Anstey, 'Epistolæ Academicæ Oxonienses,' in two volumes, a collection of letters and other documents illustrative of academical life and studies at Oxford in the fifteenth century. The contents of Mr. Anstey's volumes are a reproduction of the register commonly known to Oxford antiquarians as Registrum F.; it has never before been printed, and hardly explored. The MSS. were, in most cases, very difficult to decipher, as may be seen from the facsimile reproductions, and the editor has devoted to the task the leisure of five years. Of the 527 records printed by Mr. Anstey, 48 are in English—the rest in what may pass for Latin. To the casual eye they would seem to possess a minimum of interest for even the most limited of Oxford dons; but that would be a most mistaken judgment. Many of these records have the interest of genuine "human documents." The servility, the ignorance, the petty vanity, the poverty, and pardonable greed of a mediæval academic body are laid bare for the entertainment of the judicious reader of these letters. The imposing list of benefactors of the University of Oxford, as one hears it read to-day, produces the impression of nobles and gentry giving freely of their riches to an august body that received their tribute with becoming dignity. One should read the begging letters of the University from 1427 to 1509 to appreciate the real foundations of Oxford's greatness. A University without books, without money enough to pay the fare of a representative to Basle, with buildings so dilapidated that academic functions could not take place in windy weather, was an alma mater that must have been a burden to her sons.

—Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was Oxford's greatest benefactor in these times. *O celica inspiracio* is the favorite title of honor for him in the letters; a London grocer who sent a copy of Josephus is addressed as *reverencia tua*. The Duke's books were chained to desks lest the needy M.A.'s should steal them. They were chiefly theological, but included a small collection of Latin and Italian authors. A list of the volumes is reprinted from the Register, and from it we catch an interesting glimpse of the private library of an English duke in the fifteenth century. The copy of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius must have been a pleasing gift to "All the hole Universitie of Oxon."—as the authorities loved to style themselves when they wrote in English to kings and queens who were not expected to understand Latin. The study of Greek did not exist at Oxford in the time covered by the larger part of the letters; it was not till the early years of the sixteenth century that, under the influence of Grocyn and Erasmus, Greek was included in the "curriculum." Towards the end of "Registrum F.," the registrar, one Farley, proudly signs his name in the Greek character, which was probably all he knew of the language. All who are interested in the study of surnames should consult Mr. Anstey's volumes, where are to be found many surnames, still in common use in England, with extraordinary variations of spelling, even in the compass of a single letter. The phonetic spelling of some of the English letters rivals that of certain specimens among the "Paston" collection. It is amus-

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ing to observe how, towards the end of the century, the solemn religious tone of the earlier epistles gives place to more business-like language.

—Vols. xxxv. and xxxvi. of the 'Jesuit Relations' (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) contain a good variety of documents, but in beginning to notice them we are oppressed by a sense of loss. The Huron Mission exists no more, and we must seek elsewhere for our principal topics. After Garnier and Chabanal had been added to the list of martyrs, and, more particularly, after the Iroquois war-parties had devastated the Neutral and Tobacco nations, the Jesuits were forced to abandon Huronia altogether. The remaining savages in that region were rendered docile enough by their horrible afflictions, but they were only a remnant, and they longed for such shelter as could be found under the guns and ramparts of Quebec. The words with which Lallemant opens the Relation of 1649-50 are equally a confession of failure and a tribute of resignation: "Your reverence will have already learned by the return of the first vessels the sequel of the disasters to, and the utter wreck of, the Huron Mission, which the fury of the Hiroquois has at last accomplished. . . . Our eyes and hearts, seeing and feeling these blows from the hand of God, have but this reply to make: 'He is the sovereign Lord of His works, and the Ruler of our insignificant projects conceived for His glory. It is for us to accept His decrees, and never to disapprove what He performs.'" The immediate effects of this catastrophe were considerable. Lallemant was urged by his associates in New France to return home for aid, and did so, leaving Ragueneau, who was now at Quebec, to act as Superior. The fugitive Hurons, though they could not be altogether cared for, were generously helped, and new life was thrown into Jesuit undertakings in the Laurentian valley. The region of the Kennebec, which more properly belonged to the Capuchin sphere of influence, also received attention. And with it is to be connected Druillettes's narrative of this New England trip in 1650-51.

—The aim of this journey was to secure English aid against the Iroquois who then threatened the Abenaki converts. Druillettes left Quebec on the 1st of September, armed with passports from the Governor, D'Aillebout, and accompanied by one of the leading Sillery Indians. They went south, partly by land and partly by sea, and arrived at Boston on the 8th of December. The circumstantial details of the Jesuit's visit to the Puritans are highly entertaining. His purpose was an ambitious one, in that it involved the coöperation of four English settlements with French and Roman Catholic allies. Evidently great respect was paid Druillettes on account of his hard work among the Abenakis, and he has nothing but warm praise to report of the hospitality extended to him. On December 13 Gov. Dudley gave a formal dinner which was followed by an audience, and at it counsel was held concerning the common danger. However, the men of Boston were unwilling to proceed independently of their brethren, and sent Druillettes to Plymouth, whither he went on the 21st, and received courteous treatment from Governor Bradford (whom he curiously calls Jehan Brentford). In Boston his host had provided a special room for his religious observances, and, at Plymouth, Bradford showed his consideration by providing a fish dinner on Friday. Altogether he received more practical encouragement at Plymouth than in Boston. No definite arrangements were concluded before Druillettes's return, but he left Massachusetts in a mood of hope. One picturesque episode of his embassy was a meeting with the Rev. John Eliot (xxxvi., p. 90): "J'arrivay a Rofqbray [Roxbury] ou le minister nomme Maistre heliot qui enseignoit quelcq. sauvages me recust chez lúi a cause que la nuict me surprenoit et me traita avec respect et affection me pria de passer liver avec luy." Seldom in the seventeenth century did Jesuit and Calvinist reach terms of such politeness and amity!

—With every explanation, the mystery of Asiatic trade increases. Commissioners sent out by chambers of commerce, as well as resident officials dwell upon the subject, and yet all point to the future while speaking slightingly of the present. The experience already gained is slurred over, and the brilliant promise of what is to follow an extension of holdings forms the basis for eulogy. M. Doumer, Governor-General of Indo-China, has recently presented his views, and to a body of merchants and economists, so it is not probable he dwelt upon the darker phases. France holds territory in Asia three times the size of her own state, with a population of about 25,000,000, of whom 12,000,000 are in Cochin-China and 10,000,000 in Tonkin. The cost of managing these possessions is about $15,000,000 a year, and of this $8,500,000 will be charged on the French budget. In 1897 there were imported from these dependencies a value of $4,360,000; and the exports from France were $6,100,000; a total of $10,460,000—or about 70 cents on the dollar of Governmental expenditure. Nor does the fervid praise of the country by M. Doumer shed light on the question. Cochin-China and Tonkin are fertile, growing rice as the leading product. The extensive rivers and canals offer ready means for shipping this crop. Some pepper and cotton exhaust the list of exports, though the forests may yet become important. Annam and Cambodia are without water-courses, or have such as cannot be made navigable because of the floods and the formation of bars.

—The most promising returns from future development are to be found in the cultivation of transplanted crops. Tobacco-plants are being brought in from Sumatra, gutta-percha plantations have been established, and tea is cultivated in Annam. Coffee is mentioned as a possibility, and sugar is sent to Hong-Kong. The cotton of Cambodia, a short staple, finds a market in Japan, while that of Annam is to be used in a French mill now building at Haiphong. The most important market—that of Tonkin—is thus described: "The population is very dense on the delta, the rest of the country has been ravaged for forty or fifty years by Chinese bands. Revolts, invasions, and wars have made certain parts of this country a veritable charnel-house; in the suburbs of Sontay, Tuyen-Quang, Kep, etc., corpses infect the plains. Settlements cannot be made for some time to come." A not very promising picture. Failing to prove that the Asiatic possessions of France are actually productive in lines capable of feeding French trade, M. Doumer falls back upon the provinces behind Indo-China, and dwells upon the exceeding richness in mineral deposits of Yunnan. M. Beylard, a French engineer, has reported enthusiastically on the situation, and Yunnan is said to be "the natural economic complement to Indo-China. The importance of this region, from the commercial point of view, is recognized. It yields to no other in political importance. It is, in fact, the parting-place of the Hindu and Chinese races. It is to the east what Afghanistan is to the West." The fact is, that France is gambling on the future in Asia, and even the Governor-General cannot hide the hollowness of present conquests—margins, as it were.

—The text of the Act now to hand enables us more fully to understand the scope and character of the New Zealand measure for old-age pensions than did telegraphic reports. "Subject to the provisions of this act, every person of the full age of sixty-five years or upwards shall, whilst in the colony, be entitled to a pension as hereinafter specified." Twenty-five years' continuous previous residence is obligatory, allowing absences for sailors, and two years' total occasional absences for others. During these twenty-five years he (including she) must not have been imprisoned for five years, nor during the previous twelve years imprisoned on four occasions or for four months, for any cause "dishonoring him in the public estimation." If married, he or she must not without just cause have deserted partner or children. He must be of good moral character. His yearly income must not exceed £52. The net capital of his accumulated property may not amount to £270. He must not have deprived himself of income or property to qualify. The pension is £18 yearly (payable in monthly instalments), and to vary with varying income or capital, diminished by one pound for every complete pound of income above £34, and *also* by one pound for every complete £15 of net capital. The act runs to eleven pages and a half. The above essential provisions are comprised in one page and a half. The text is occupied with detail, registrational and otherwise. A perusal does not give much encouragement to the hope of the possibility of the application of a similar measure to countries of wide extent or large population. Aboriginal natives are included, to whom "moneys other than pensions" are not paid out of the civil list. Chinese and other Asiatics, whether naturalized or not, are excluded.

THE BROWNING LOVE LETTERS.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845, 1846. With portraits and facsimiles. In 2 vols. Harper & Bros. 1899.

Here are all the letters that ever passed between Mr. and Mrs. Browning (with one exception). After their marriage they were always together, and letters would have been a superfluity. The exception is a letter of May 23, 1845, which was destroyed by Mr. Browning, it having been returned to him by Miss Barrett on account of its "wild speaking," presumably an offer of marriage after he had seen her for the first time, on Tuesday afternoon, May 21. Browning destroyed all the rest of his correspondence, but, not long before his death, said of these letters, "There they are; do with them as you please when I am dead and gone!" It is

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not to be believed that he intended to permit their publication. His meaning must have been, "Keep them or destroy them," finding himself unable to lay violent hands on them. Few who knew Browning personally or in his books will be able to convince themselves that his words intended, even as possible, the construction which his son has put on them. Standing off from these letters as a dramatist, he may have perceived their dramatic value, but to proceed from such perception to their sacrifice upon the altar of "the world's new fiend, Publicity," would have been quite another matter—an irreverence strangely at variance with "a certain inlaid box, into which they exactly fitted, and where they always rested, letter beside letter, each in its consecutive order and numbered on the envelope by his own hand."

This said, the critic may excuse himself for displaying the contents of these volumes on the ground that Mrs. Browning has made him free of her part of the correspondence when she writes, February 17, 1846:

> "I, for my part, value letters as the most vital part of biography, and for any rational human being to put his foot on the traditions of his kind in this particular class does seem to me as wonderful as possible. . . . We should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other sorrowing souls, let them be open to men hereafter as they are to God now. Dust to dust, and soul-secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to all these things."

If she had had a thought of her own letters to Browning ever being published on this ground, it might have given her pause. At the same time it may be cheerfully conceded that, if she and Mr. Browning had been consciously premeditating printers' copy for this year of grace, they probably would not have done so well as they did in their complete unconsciousness, nor could their letters have been more free from anything and everything diminishing in any way our admiration for this pair of lovers. There are abundant protestations, and there is a great deal of that commodity of which Byron wrote that

> "More than half the charm is lost
> Of kisses that arrive by post."

But, once admitted into this sacred privacy, the admirers of the Brownings will find nothing which does not heighten their appreciation of their characters, their relation to each other and to that art of poetry which was the "blithe go-between" that fructified the flower of love itself had planted in their hearts. At the same time it may be doubted whether the effect produced by these letters might not have been produced more delightfully by judicious selections from the correspondence. The most of them are love letters pure and simple. The amount of personal and literary matter, aside from their main purpose, is hardly more than Falstaff's bread in contrast with his sack. When the correspondence has been going on a year, there are 104 letters, and after that their frequency increased until on September 19, 1846, they reached an absolute end; that being the day, one week after the marriage, when they ran away together.

Miss Barrett's letters, like Mrs. Browning's, were not remarkably good, and Robert's were much worse, in "form and moving." He might often say with Father Taylor, "My verb has lost its nominative, but I'm bound for the Kingdom of Heaven all the same." Oftener it is his nominative that loses its verb. There are sentences that go on for half a page and more and never end. After reading these letters for an hour, a few pages of 'Sordello' would be good to rest the weary mind. There are scores of pages in the aggregate about the days when Browning is to come for his clandestine visits. The day first set can seldom be kept free. Sometimes it flutters back and forth a whole week long. How these meetings and the almost daily correspondence went on while the insanely egotistical father knew nothing about them, is passing strange. It would seem that he must have known enough to divine their import, and have been preparing for himself with secret joy such a dramatic exhibition of his *patria potestas* as would surpass all previous exhibitions in that kind. One of the hardest things for Browning was to see her father through Miss Barrett's eyes. Could he have let himself go, we might have had a letter or a personal encounter for which a dozen or twenty of the less important letters given might easily have been spared.

So far as they were mutually concerned, the course of these true lovers ran as smoothly as need be. There were no quarrels to be made up. The nearest approaches to them resulted from their endeavors to outdo each other in unselfishness. Browning's headaches were a minor trouble. These are a deduction from our robust Browning as heretofore conceived. In Mrs. Browning's sympathy they loomed quite as portentously as her own weakness and suffering in his more hopeful eyes. Next to fixing the right day for the next meeting, these headaches furnish the most recurrent note. In his first letter, January 10, 1845, he writes that he loves her books with all his heart, "and I love you, too." After his offer of marriage, the May following, the letters become somewhat more literary, but before long the truth blazes out again, and then begins the long struggle, on his part to win her consent to a final marriage, on hers to prevent him from burdening himself with the weight of her chronic misery. When he discovers that she uses opium to mitigate this, there is expostulation on his side, pathetic palliation upon hers. but generally she is the more level-headed of the two. It is interesting to see how his parenthetic style is clarified by the stress of passionate emotion, while hers is affected in an opposite manner.

Once he has the promise of marriage, a new struggle begins over the fixing of the happy day. The dread of her father's horrible displeasure holds her back. At length the month is set. Suddenly her father broaches a scheme of general house-cleaning, and the whole family is to move out. The best-laid plans of the lovers are threatened with miserable abortion by this untoward scheme. The envelope of her letter of September 12, 1846, is endorsed in Browning's hand, "Saturday, Septr. 12, 1846 ¼ 11—11¼ A. M. (91)," showing that even when on pleasure bent he had a careful mind. The "(91)" indicates the number of his visits to her since the first in May, 1845. The marriage was solemnized in Marylebone Church —not in St. Pancras, as stated in Mrs. Orr's biography of Robert Browning. They did not meet after the 12th until the leave-taking on the 19th. Browning had become a master of equivocation by this time; witness the fact that when he was already engaged to Miss Barrett, and some one had offered to present him to her, he had answered, "Don't you know she never sees any one?" But he could not ask for Miss Barrett when that lady had become Mrs. Browning. As for Mrs. Browning, she loved him just too much to write him that the marriage was invalid and he mustn't come for her, so hard it was for the first time in her life to pain her father by a voluntary act—the father who would never speak to her again nor open one of her letters to himself.

Very beautiful are some of the confessions upon either side, as where Browning, in the later stages of his happiness, confesses that in the earlier stages he had sometimes shortened his visits a little that he might the sooner take her hand. The "Portuguese Sonnets" prove to have been simply a faithful transcript of an experience which enriches the treasury of high-minded love by one more great example. The difference between the two as poets is an interesting one. Her poetical self-consciousness is much keener than his. Especially does she think of herself as an artist, whereas it can hardly be doubted that her grand defect was that she was so much less artist than poet. Without extravagance, they are rivals in their mutual admiration, and his admirers who are contemptuous of her ability should lay his praise of it to heart. Even for those earlier things, of which she came to think little, he has sincere applause; the lover possibly getting the better of the critic. His last 'Bells and Pomegranates' are coming out, and there is much said of different numbers of the series, especially "Luria." All lovers of that noble drama will value every word of Browning's criticism on it. It was his hope to write a poem that should be, not dramatic, but lyrical and subjective, but there is no evidence that he even so much as began to carry his idea into effect. She assures him that he is "never misty—even in 'Sordello'—never vague"; and he protests that his one purpose is to make himself as clear as possible.

The glimpses of other people are but few. Mackay is dismissed by Browning as a "prince and potentate of Commonplaces." Miss Barrett will not admit Carlyle's "mannerism": it is "not his dress but his physiognomy—or more than *that* even." There is much trouble in cleaning up after Miss Mitford, she leaves about so many scandalous reports—especially about Miss Barrett's friend Thorne, mentioned scores of times in the letters and not once in the index: "He pours libations on his bare head out of the water-glasses at great dinners," and, being rejected by a lady with £50,000, the same evening offers himself to a lady with £40,000. Mrs. Procter also, wife of Barry Cornwall, has an unguarded tongue. In one day Miss Barrett has a visit from Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson, "one talking Mesmer and the other Homer." Dickens invited Tennyson to go to Switzerland with him. Tennyson declined: "I should be entreating him to dismiss his sentimentality, and so we should quarrel and part and never see each other again." Browning describes Tennyson as "a LONG, hazy kind of a man, at least just after dinner." Going to see a representation of his own "Strafford," Browning was asked, "Is not *this* the author of 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Othello'?" and answered, "No—so far as I am aware." "The author of Othello!"—so he comments—"when he can be and is Miss

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Barrett's own R. B.!" He is severe on the Howitts, and asks, "What ails them of a sudden that they purvey this kind of cat-lap? . . . not a venerablest commonplace excused on account of its age." At one time Carlyle talks "*constringingly, bracingly*"; at another he tells of an American "who was commissioned by a learned body of his countrymen to ask him [Carlyle] two questions: What's C.'s opinion as to the future state? and, What relation Goethe was to Goethe's mother's husband?" There is a good word from Browning for Lord Byron: "Only a little longer life and all would have been gloriously right again." 'Consuelo' is incontinently damned, with some injury to Miss Barrett's feelings. The excellent Mr. Kenyon, who set up Mr. and Mrs. Browning financially so handsomely, is, with serene unconsciousness and the best possible intentions, always getting in the way. Flush, too, Miss Barrett's dog, is much in evidence, but makes an appreciable diversion by getting lost just as the situation was becoming extremely tense on the eve of the prisoner's escape. Browning's reality is generally unimpeachable; but when he professes his willingness to give up his vocation as poet to take care of Miss Barrett, as Mrs. Browning, there is the slightest undulation of his broadcloth, as if he were laughing in his sleeve.

THORPE'S AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

A Constitutional History of the American People, 1776-1850. By Francis Newton Thorpe. 2 vols. Harpers. 1898. Pp. 486, 520.

Mr. Thorpe's book is an illustration, on a somewhat extended scale, of a method of treating history, and particularly American history, of late years much in vogue. Older writers, setting down their facts in appropriate order, and with such literary skill as they could command, were, as a rule, content to label their work simply "a history" of this or that country or time. With a crude conception of the unity of history, they fondly imagined that a truthful record of human progress could be presented only by him who, according to his light, should present the whole of it. Nowadays, a considerable class of writers, of unquestioned industry and learning, seem inclined to a different view of the matter. They take a single phase of a subject, or, better still, a minute and relatively isolated topic, treat it exhaustively, erect (often) a slender structure of text upon a massive foundation of footnotes, and seek distinction by labelling the result a "social," or "political," or "economic," or "legal" history. Of all the terms thus introduced to show precisely the kind of thing a writer thinks he has done, that of "constitutional" history has been most abused. At different times and in different hands it has been made to mean a history of legal notions, a history of party politics, a history of representative government, and a plain chronological statement of facts. And now comes Mr. Thorpe, with a 'Constitutional History of the American People,' in which the term receives still another application, and with the confident assurance, apparently, on the part of the author that, notwithstanding the limitations and misapprehensions of others, he, at least, is on the right track.

Mr. Thorpe has not, indeed, failed to define the term he uses. Constitutional history, he tells us in his preface, is

"the history of a constituency which, consciously or unconsciously, is ever striving to promote its own welfare. A constitutional history deals primarily with persons, not with documents. Laws and constitutions, written or unwritten, are the evidence of the efforts of a constituency to secure its ends. The development of constitutional government consists, essentially, in the definite limitation of authority, in order to accomplish purposes either implied or specified. . . . Our constitutional history, like that of every other people, is a history of the evolution of religious, of political, and of industrial rights. The steps in all this progress are recorded in the results of many struggles. Among these are the struggles for the extension of the suffrage, for the equitable apportionment of representation, for the abolition of discrimination on account of race or of previous condition, for the organization of systems of education free to all, for the separation of the state from questionable practices, and for the establishment of government directly upon the will of the people. Incidental to these processes has been the slow definition of the functions of the state, of its rights as a moral person in coördination with the rights of the individual, and of its powers and their fields of operation—executive, legislative, and judicial. . . . The evidence enables us to deduce, with approximate accuracy, the principles on which government in America rests. . . . The principal authorities upon which the evidence rests are the laws and constitutions of the country, and the journals, proceedings, and debates of constitutional conventions" (pp. v—viii).

We are not particularly disposed to quarrel with Mr. Thorpe's definition, though we should not like to see it accepted as sufficient; but the application of it suggests some important questions. The first four hundred pages of the thousand to which the work before us extends are devoted to a discussion of the notions of sovereignty, popular government, and the state in America in the eighteenth century, the organization of government in the States, the formation of the first State constitutions, the early conditions of suffrage, the westward expansion, the issues involved in the admission of Missouri, the annexation of Texas, and the absorption of Mexican territory, together with a special chapter on the status of free negroes. For further light on the chief "constitutional" problems of the first half of the present century, we are next pointed to the discussions in the State constitutional conventions between 1845 and 1850. Four States are selected as types—Louisiana for the South, Kentucky for the border States, Michigan for the North, and California for the new West—and four hundred pages are given to a detailed abstract of the debates in the conventions of each. The contents of the remaining two hundred pages are indicated by the titles of the chapters—"A Half Century of Constitutional Changes," "Corporations, Finance, Local Government, and Education," and "The Courts, the People, Social and Civil Progress."

These topics, clearly, are such as one would expect to find discussed at length in a constitutional history of the American people. But how does Mr. Thorpe treat them? An examination of his volumes shows that the chief emphasis throughout is laid upon two or three subjects only, those, namely, of citizenship, suffrage, and eligibility for office. Page after page is taken up with a rehearsal of the arguments of this or that person or this or that convention on some proposition, intended to settle one or other of these questions. Two-fifths of the entire space, as we have seen, is devoted to an account of constitutional conventions in four States. In other words, Mr. Thorpe's conception of constitutional history, if we may gather it from this his latest work, is that of a history of the formation of State constitutions; and it is this that he has given us in his book. Alike in the chapters on the four typical States mentioned and elsewhere, attention is insistently called to the formulation of a document, the turning of a phrase, the precise definition of a right, an obligation, or a restriction. With the exception of the legal status of the negro, scarce any of the great questions which agitated the political and social life of the United States between 1776 and 1850 receive in Mr. Thorpe's pages more than brief incidental mention; and the person who should read the book without a considerable equipment of previous knowledge, could not be blamed for concluding that the United States had had no foreign relations, no tariff controversy, no struggle with a national bank, no attempts at nullification and secession, and no serious foreign or domestic insurrection, but that the matters of vital concern to us had been such as whether a residence of three months or ten years should be prescribed as a prerequisite for voting, or whether cities and country districts should have equal or proportional representation in a State Legislature, or whether a candidate for Governor should be required to own real estate and profess his belief in God.

We have dwelt at this length on the inappropriateness of Mr. Thorpe's title, not because the label is of greater significance than the contents, but because a comparison of the title and the subject-matter points the way straight to the essential limitation of the book. That Mr. Thorpe is confident that he has written a constitutional history, and written, moreover, from the one standpoint properly to be taken for such a work, cannot be doubted; and his pages show abundant evidences of knowledge, industry, and zeal. Yet we can but think that his work is, after all, hardly more than an elaborate monograph, a valuable section of a possible larger whole, but wanting in the broad conception of the subject which his title implies. For constitutional history is not merely the record of the struggle of a people to surround their political privileges with suitable documentary safeguards, or to define the immediate relation of the individual to the administrative machinery of government, or to assign to each element of the population its appropriate sphere of action; it is, rather, the exposition and appraisal of every influence which has so far entered into the life and thought of a people as to shape the form of their government and establish its theoretical basis. Curtis, essaying to compass the requirements of so great a task, treated the subject with judicial clearness and precision, though with the limited mental range of the constitutional lawyer. Von Holst conceived of American history as a seething caldron set over the fires of slavery, nullification, and State rights, and studied the conflagration until surrounding objects became somewhat indistinct. Schouler put his trust in a plain, unvarnished tale, left facts to tell their own story, and subordinated reflection to narration. Mr. Thorpe, avoiding direct competition with his predecessors, has fixed his eye on an important and hitherto neglected

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part of the administrative organization, and has given us an estimate of it which, if there were nothing more to be said, would stamp the American people as a nation of legalists, to whom the particular method of individual participation in affairs had been the main subject of political concern. The method is novel and the results are valuable; yet nothing can be surer than that, if terms mean anything, this is not, in any but an extremely narrow sense, constitutional history at all.

While, however, we cannot think that Mr. Thorpe's work is what it professes to be, it nevertheless makes important additions to our knowledge of American history. Throughout, reliance has been placed upon primary sources, especially the journals and proceedings of constitutional conventions, and the constitutions and laws of the several States. The accounts of the debates in the constitutional conventions of Louisiana, Kentucky, Michigan, and California are extremely full. Particularly valuable are the discussions of the legal status of the negro, and the issues involved in the various propositions for negro representation in legislative assemblies; while the status of the free negro, the onerous restrictions imposed upon him, and the arguments, epecially of the South, for and against emancipation, have nowhere, we think, been so elaborately set forth. To many readers the relative importance of the free negro as an element in the slavery controversy will very likely be something of a revelation. The discussion of State sovereignty gains in freshness, though it loses in completeness, by being carried on mainly from the standpoint of the State conventions. Into the subjects of citizenship, suffrage, and eligibility for office, as we have said, Mr. Thorpe enters at great length; and we fancy that most students will be inclined to accept many of his results as final. The tables inserted at various places, showing the qualifications of voters, Senators, Representatives, etc., in the different States, for different periods, are a form of aid not to be despised.

It is not easy to summarize an author's conclusions where the mass of detail is so great. In the dry and formal record here presented, however, we can see how the notion and practice of universal manhood suffrage gradually emerged from conditions of restriction and limitation. From the time when property-owners and church-members were alone thought fit to vote and hold office, to the time when the ballot was given to foreigners not yet naturalized, was a long step, particularly when measured by the degrees of expansion of the intellectual horizon. Upon the developing form of the electoral system deep marks were made, in the North by Native Americanism, in the South by the profound concern over the definition of property in slaves, the right of emancipation, and the adjustment of electoral privileges between slaveholders and non-slaveholders. We recall no writer who has brought out so clearly, from official records alone, the essentially defensive attitude of the South in the whole slavery controversy; a South struggling to maintain an institution the legitimacy of which, in any sound view of developing human rights, could never be assumed, but which must be upheld by more and more elaborate argument and increasing subordination of reason to force. Even to the North, the negro was an object of suspicion and legal discrimination; but to the South, his presence, and the apparent impossibility of dealing with him by other than repressive measures, wrought widespread perversion of the moral sense, and made him, from whatever point of view, a stone of stumbling for those with whom his lot was cast.

Granted the limitation already pointed out, Mr. Thorpe has done his work, for the most part, with commendable thoroughness. That the subject does not readily lend itself to entertaining literary treatment is, of course, obvious; but it must be said that large portions of Mr. Thorpe's volumes are hard reading, and that the work, as a whole, is extremely dry. The last three chapters of vol. ii., with their summaries of miscellaneous provisions of State constitutions, read like a Stimson's 'American Statute Law' thrown into literary form. A further embarrassment to the reader is the scarcity and incompleteness of dates, those especially in the chapters on the four typical States being at times so introduced as to necessitate a long search through the preceding pages to ascertain either the month or the year. The titles of chapters iii. and viii. of volume ii. are hardly appropriate, corresponding as they do with but a small portion of the contents of the chapters themselves. Finally, the restricted scope of the work, together with the amount of previous general knowledge it apparently assumes, would seem to limit its profitable use to relatively mature students, though to the attention of such it is assuredly to be commended.

Three Studies in Literature. By Lewis E. Gates. Macmillan Co. 1899.

Cardinal Newman's rank as a prose-writer, and the position of Jeffrey and of Matthew Arnold in the history of criticism, are in the category of *res judicatæ*, for the present generation at any rate. Moreover, critical essays on writers of critical essays, unless they display unusual brilliance of wit or insight, are likely to be dull and unprofitable reading. A study of Francis Jeffrey has, indeed, some excuse for existing. The great Whig editor's name stands, in these days, for an obsolete school of literary criticism, and he lives, if he may be said to live at all, in the minds of persons of general information, as a purblind opponent of Romanticism, who compromised himself for ever by the phrase, "stuff about dancing daffodils." Dogmatic criticism, in his person, died hard. Mr. Gates shows clearly where Jeffrey drew the line at Romanticism. Let it be decorative, as you find it in Scott and Keats, and he will recognize its charm; but take it seriously, make your leech-gatherer symbolic, exalt him into a moral type, and you offend the taste of a well-bred Whig reviewer. He erected his prejudices into canons of taste, and in compositions that conflicted with those canons he could see no merit. "England will never admire, nor indeed endure, your German divinities," he said to Carlyle, and he sincerely believed that it was impossible for a scholar and a gentleman to tolerate the realism of Goethe.

Matthew Arnold also was an *arbiter elegantiarum*, and not always entirely trustworthy. But when he erred it was on the side of over-appreciation, and the range of his literary taste could hardly have been wider. Mr. Gates makes some nice points in his study of Arnold's style, and illustrates certain faults of manner that were pointed out in passing by the author of 'Obiter Dicta' in his witty essay on Arnold; for example, an irritating jauntiness of style, and an assertion of inferiority so elaborate as to amount to supercilious condescension. This was a pose most calculated to annoy, and was chiefly affected when the author of 'Literature and Dogma' was baiting bishops. Arnold, in his mid-career, as a missionary to the middle classes, is Arnold at his wittiest. Mr. Gates could not resist quoting a famous passage from the preface of 'Essays in Criticism'—nor can we. Arnold relates a conversation between himself and a portly jeweller from Cheapside, who is his fellow-traveller on the Woodford branch of the Great Eastern Railway. The jeweller was greatly disturbed at a murder that had lately been committed in a railway carriage, and Arnold tendered him consolation:

"I reminded him how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded him what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. 'Suppose the worst to happen,' I said; 'suppose even yourself to be the victim—*il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*—we should miss you for a day or two on the Woodford branch, but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street.'"

Whatever reservations we may be disposed to make in the matter of the Gospel according to Matthew Arnold, we are all good Catholics over Newman's prose. "You and Keble are the philosophers, I the rhetorician," he wrote to Froude apropos of the management of the Tractarian agitation. Newman was a rhetorician after the manner of De Quincey, whom, according to Mr. Gates, he consciously imitated. Certainly De Quincey might have written the following from the sermon on the 'Fitness of the Glories of Mary':

"But she, the Lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. . . . Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but they found them not. Did she die at Ephesus or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied, but her tomb could not be pointed out; or, if it was found, it was open; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched."

Newman wrote the 'Apologia' to prove his love for Truth from the record of his life. And what was the result of this long life spent in the search after Truth? "I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, or for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States. I firmly believe that portions of the True Cross are at Rome and elsewhere."

Mr. Gates traces Newman's connection with Romanticism and the charm he found in mediæval Christianity. His conception of Newman as a great mediæval ecclesiastic astray in the nineteeenth century is, we think, very just. On the whole, his Essay on Newman is the most suggestive and readable of the three; partly, no doubt, because its subject is, and always will be, something of a mystery to every-day men. Newman saw things not as we see them; everything in him "tended towards the sublime," and it is because of that, and because much of the sublime in his life and motives is so fatally near

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to childish absurdity—or seems so to our narrow vision—that he calls for the most delicate appreciation.

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Gates's unpretentious volume, while it makes no attempt at brilliancy or great originality, is a careful, thoughtful performance, containing one or two really valuable hints towards the appreciation of his authors. And it is no slight thing to have achieved so much—at any rate in the case of two men who are still so vividly before the world's eyes as are Arnold and Newman.

The Silva of North America: A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America exclusive of Mexico. By C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. Illustrated with figures and analyses drawn from nature by C. E. Faxon. Vol. XII. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

The publishers make the interesting announcement that, since it has been found impracticable to include in the twelfth volume of Prof. Sargent's great work the general index to the whole, a thirteenth volume containing this index, together with descriptions and illustrations of recently discovered species, and such corrections of the original volumes as recent explorations have made necessary, will be sent to subscribers without charge as soon as ready. This proposition is in full accord with the generous policy which has marked the progress of the work from its beginning. The illustrations have been copious and of the highest order of excellence in every feature of their execution. Mr. Faxon's drawings have been spirited and lifelike; his analyses have been characterized by accuracy and clearness, and the transference of these to the plates has been thoroughly good from first to last. Taken altogether, the original drawings and the engravings are, from their absolute fidelity to nature, helpful to all classes of students and even casual readers. The explanatory and descriptive text has been carefully considered and judiciously proportioned; the economic aspects of the subject have received adequate and careful treatment.

The nomenclature, to which reference has before been made in this journal, is the only blemish. It is not in accord with generally accepted rules, nor does it keep pace with the innovations; its own changes are not likely to be found to be acceptable to anybody. But it should be said that the author has been scrupulously consistent throughout in following the rules laid down at the outset.

There are two features in the text which characterize almost every page: these are, first, the editorial skill which gives to the separate parts their proper perspective, and, second, the vividness of description which comes from wide and fond contact with the trees themselves. Prof. Sargent's colossal undertaking has already given new hope to the lovers of forests, and it will long continue to inspire enthusiasm in forest culture and conservation. A large part of the influence which it exerts must be ascribed to the felicity of expression of the author, who carries his readers over wide ranges of territory without weariness, because he himself loves the trees and the forests of which he writes.

The present volume deals with larches, spruces, firs, and the like. They are members of the great group of plants with uncovered seeds, the so-called gymnosperms, and are regarded as direct descendents of the gymnosperms which formed, with the ferns and the allies of the ferns, the bulk of the vegetation in the greater coal period. Some of them have come down with little change during the long time which has passed since the carboniferous epoch, while others have been evolved as if in prompt response to the changes in environment. Hence, for a student of the past history of plants, these groups possess a singular attractiveness. Investigators do not seem to grow weary in conjecturing when and how have arisen the adaptations by which these plants have come to be what and where they are. Therefore, even the thickets of low spruces in the far North, with their monotonous colors and uniformity of shape, are deeply interesting to the thoughtful student of the past, while the towering groves which can yield the loftiest masts, present certain questions in plant-life and distribution which are very difficult to answer, and which are, therefore, all the more engaging.

It is probably known to all our readers that one of the spruces rivals the white pine in value as a timber tree, but perhaps it is not so widely known that its usefulness also as a source of cheap paper-pulp puts it in imminent danger. The regular issue of the newspapers for a single Sunday, in any one of our largest Northern cities, sweeps away not far from ten to twelve acres of this valuable spruce, while the larger issues at Christmas, or in some period of great excitement, go far beyond this conservative figure. And the worst of it is, the clean sweep of the trees in such cases is a prodigal waste, for it does not concern itself, as a sound system might, with the possibility of replacement. It is, however, difficult, if not impossible, to discover any way of checking this spendthrift waste. Without any policy of forest care, and without any present likelihood of the framing of such a policy on an acceptable basis in our North, the question of complete destruction of the spruce appears to be one of a few years only. Certain other conifers are taking the places of their predecessors in small districts a little further south, and in a few limited areas the coniferous forests are even gaining ground. But these are exceptional—hopeful, to be sure, but, from their exceptional character, the more exasperating. In laying down this volume, with its cautious and yet strong statements as to the uses and possibilities of our shrinking forests, we shudder to think how our forest inheritance is imperilled by the short-sighted selfishness of the very men who should protect it. If a wise State and national policy of forest conservation is established in our "North America exclusive of Mexico," within the life of the present generation, it will be largely due to the thoroughly sound influence emanating from Prof. Sargent's work.

William Blackwood and his Sons: The Annals of a Publishing House. By Mrs. Gerald Porter. Vol. III. Scribners. 1898.

It would be idle to expect that the third volume of the Blackwood annals should come up to its predecessors in interest. A success of scandal is seldom followed by a success of merit, and, when it is, one does not look for excitement. The history of the Blackwood firm is the story of "Maga's" adventures. From the mystery and fun of the 'Noctes' we now pass to sober and responsible reviewers—from the stormy petrels C. North and Lockhart to Mrs. Oliphant and George Eliot. In "Maga's" roystering youth, a review in her pages was likely to contain affronts that could be washed out only with blood; we cannot suppose that the revelation of Mrs. Oliphant's identity as a reviewer can ever have ranked as a question of life and death; and when George Eliot unmasked there was no result more sensational than the discomfiture of Mr. Liggins. The atmosphere of assured success and large checks is the natural atmosphere of the Epigoni, and they find it agreeable; for us the romance of the Blackwood house ceased with its founder.

The list of writers for "Maga" during John Blackwood's thirty years of editorship proves that he possessed the correct literary instinct and the gift of diplomacy which had secured his father's success, while the extracts from his correspondence with Burton, L. Oliphant, Lever, Reade, Kinglake, Lytton, and the rest show that he wrote excellent letters, and that his criticisms were received with patience and profit by his contributors. John Blackwood was an agreeable mixture of the editor and the country gentleman; he was an ardent golfer, and his country-house at St. Andrew's was thronged in the season by his golfing friends. He was proud of "Maga's" military contingent, which included the Hamleys, Chesney, and Lord Wolseley. Lord Kitchener is the last man in the world whom one would suspect of writing for the magazines; yet in 1878 we find him writing of a "Visit to Sofia," and the following year he proposes a paper on Cyprus, where he was engaged in surveying. He says: "We are getting on well, and my baseline came in to ¾ inch in four miles. I have had no fever in my party, and am exceptional in that respect." This is "the Sirdar's luck" foreshadowed in the Lieutenant. His "Notes on Cyprus" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1879. Some further light is thrown on the elusive personality of "Larrie" Oliphant by his lively letters to the editor. In 1866 he wrote that he "never met with a born American of any shade of politics who did not curse universal suffrage, and he did not believe a native-born Yankee existed who was in favor of it, but their blessed Constitution ties them up" (p. 154). Oliphant was, perhaps, the first to exploit the American girl in fiction. "Irene Macgillicuddy" was her formidable name, and Oliphant found the society that harbored the type "ridiculously sensitive." "Irene has kicked up such a rumpus in New York society that we had better leave them a few months to recover their tranquillity before firing our second shot. My clever correspondent, who is herself a 'bouncer' turned traitor, and gave me the points, is in an agony of alarm" (p. 139). It is amusing to find Sir Richard Burton "preparing an account of Mormonism, which, however, is an indelicate subject, requiring to simmer in the mind. Its flavor would evaporate in a decoction."

The Blackwoods published an "Agricultural Journal," and when an inquiry was made into the cause of the potato disease, a number of farmers were asked to give their views. One farmer wrote: "I thocht at first it was a dispensation of Almichty God, but

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now I believe it is an insect." John Blackwood, in 1867, attended one of "Jowett's Jumbles," which he politely calls "an intellectual reception—there were ladies, but it was rather slow work."

Throughout this third volume the personality of the genial editor is presented as that of one who was never stiffened by experience. We miss Mrs. Oliphant's hand, of course, but Mrs. Porter has carried on the work creditably enough. On p. 232 we read, "To any one desirous. . . . we recommend them to the volume." And "These correspondents . . . was a branch" (p. 315) is another slip that betrays the unpractised hand.

Leibniz: The Monadology and Other Philosophical Writings. Translated, with introduction and notes, by Robert Latta. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1898. 8vo, pp. 437.

That a thorough and critical acquaintance with the philosophy of Leibniz is an indispensable preliminary to a successful study of Kant and to a just appreciation of German philosophy, does not, perhaps, render this publication particularly opportune; for the endeavors that have been made to resuscitate Hegel in English-speaking countries seem for the present to have failed. But, at any rate, it may be considered as opportune on account of the number of ideas, now universally esteemed as highly fruitful, which trace their origin to the Hanoverian philosopher. The Columbus of the subconscious mind, the discoverer of mechanical energy, the joint inventor of the differential calculus, and, more than all these, the great promulgator of the law of continuity (understood by himself to include historical continuity, and, as he was dimly aware, supposing an evolution of all things and all laws from a primal chaos), is a figure to excite the curiosity of thinking men of the present day.

One might, at first blush, wonder that so big a book—though the light Oxford paper makes it easy to hold—should be devoted to a writing which in Erdmann's edition does not fill eight pages. There is, however, ample justification for that. Leibniz is not yet a convenient author to study. Before the completion of Gerhardt's edition of the Philosophical Works in 1890, the state of things was calculated to daunt a pusillanimous student. Even now the philosophical writings are contained in seven volumes; the mathematical works (which furnish the only key to Leibniz's thought) fill seven more by the same editor, and the mathematical correspondence has yet to be printed. The historical and political writings, which ought not to be neglected, are in ten other volumes edited by Klopp; and in order to possess all of Leibniz that has seen the light, the student must procure fourteen additional volumes (seven edited by Foucher de Careil, six by Dutens, and one by Mollat), besides those which are now in course of publication. It was, therefore, a praiseworthy act, as well as a bright idea, to take that unnamed paper known as the *Monadologie*, which compresses the metaphysical system of Leibniz into the smallest possible compass, and make it the subject of a full exposition by means of parallel extracts from other writings of the same author. For Leibniz, as a writer of papers and not of books, often repeats his thought in more and more developed forms. A true scientific man, he never held to any opinion as final and irrevocable, and he never ceased to learn and to grow.

Dr. Latta's work has been performed with erudition and good judgment. The plan once settled, the only ground of complaint with the manner in which it has been carried out is that the original French and Latin ought everywhere to have been given in place of English versions. As for the plan itself, the chief fault of it is, that, in consequence of the whole commentary being made to refer to an exceedingly compressed statement of Leibniz's metaphysical system, it hardly presents a broad view of his whole thought; and, in particular, it is a pity that the logic of so eminent and original a logician—life and soul, as it is, of his whole philosophy—should not have been more completely illustrated.

The first hundred and fifty pages of the volume are occupied with a general exposition of the philosophy, correct and full, but not deeply critical. An "estimate" thereof fills the next sixty. There will be found historical information concerning the relation of Leibniz to the scholastics and to Descartes, and concerning the relation to him of Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer, and Hegel. Nothing is said of later German thinkers who, down to Ernst Mach, inclusive, have been influenced in no inconsiderable degree by this philosopher—at any rate, indirectly, whether directly, too, or not. What of criticism this "estimate" contains regards the subject from a Hegelian point of view; for Dr. Latta seems to be one of those Britons who clean forget the thought which is their patrimony, in their admiration for the "profundity" of philosophers who attack the most difficult problems without having had the courage to go through the tedious investigations which should have come first. But it will hardly be thought by anybody that Dr. Latta's criticism of Leibniz is particularly strong or helpful. This is unfortunate, because, while the reasoning of Leibniz was nearly, if not quite, of the highest order, being far more accurate than that of Kant or almost any metaphysician that can be named, and abounding in luminous, simplifying, and fecund methods, yet he seems to have had a sort of blind spot on his logical retina that rendered him capable of accepting tremendous inconsistencies and absurdities. Witness his works upon the "Great Art" of Raymund Lully—a sort of Keely motor for churning knowledge out of ignorance—in which the man who swayed German thought so long maintains that all truths, theoretical and practical, can be mathematically demonstrated from two premises, one that he expresses thus: "Quod est (tale) id est, seu non (tale) vel contra," while the other is, "Aliquid existit."

He is a declared nominalist, and his theory of monads breathes nominalistic individualism. But he strangely fails to see how contrary to all this is his law of continuity; and it is still more curious that he found himself, at last, forced to revive the substantial forms of the mediæval realists. It will occur to almost every mind that for each Leibnizian monad all the rest are superfluous and nonexistent—a manifest absurdity; and that so great a reasoner should not have seen the inconsistency of supposing God to be one of those monads, is quite astonishing.

In his fourth letter to Clarke, he offers, as an argument in favor of his logical "principle of the identity of indiscernibles," the fact that a nobleman of his acquaintance, on hearing it enunciated, long searched in vain to find two leaves of trees exactly alike—not seeing that this was a much better argument against the principle than for it. For the proposition is that things precisely alike *could not conceivably* be two. Now, the very fact that one may spend a long time in trying to find such a case proves that it is quite conceivable. Here lies one of the capital errors upon which the Leibnizian metaphysics comes to wreck; namely, that he does not see that existence is no general predicate or intellectual conception, but is an affair of brute fact. Was it not Carlyle who said that the very hyssop that grows on the wall is there only because the whole universe has not been strong enough to hinder it? This falsifies, too, the other principle which Leibniz in the same letter lays down as fundamental, the law of sufficient reason. There is no proving existence, as he himself once remarked; for though a thing be in itself possible, it may not, in his phrase, be "compossible" with other things which have forestalled it in the struggle for existence. Leibniz fancies he answers this objection by saying that God has created the best of all possible worlds; but that this proves itself upon discussion to be a quite meaningless proposition has long been apparent. Nor is this the only such objection to the law of sufficient reason, for nobody has answered the old question what reason there can be why red and blue light should not excite each the sensation that the other does excite. But though the doctrine that *everything* has a sufficient reason is thus untenable, yet it still may be true that reasons ("raisons"), that is, final causes, should be really operative in the universe. Only, this cannot consistently be maintained by a philosopher who insists upon denying the reality of all generals; unless, indeed, he resorts to the device of supposing a Deity in whose mind those reasons and purposes should reside—his nominalism probably passing to the conceptualistic variety. But what, after all, is such a theological nominalism but the attribution to the system of generals, not only of reality, but also of life?

Such weaknesses of the logic of Leibniz are quite overlooked by Dr. Latta; although it is not easy to comprehend how they can fail to suggest themselves to any mind trained in British strictness of reasoning.

Next in the volume comes the Monadology, which copious and pertinent notes, chiefly expository by parallel passages, expand to some sixty pages. The remaining hundred and fifty pages are given to sundry papers of Leibniz allied to the Monadology, together with the introduction to the 'Nouveaux Essais.' But we believe we need say nothing of these, since, if our views are at all correct, it must already sufficiently appear what praise and what blame are to be adjudged to this work.

A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. By Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. 1899. Pp. 455.

Professor Beers is always an interesting writer, and his latest volume is a thoroughly readable collection of essays on eighteenth-century literature. We call it a collection of essays, for, in spite of the unity implied in the title, the effect of the book on the reader

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is rather that of a series of studies than of an organic history of the subject. The author conceives "Romanticism" in the stricter sense as "the mediæval revival," and to this he confines his attention, with the result of making his work more valuable, perhaps, as a description of materials, but less so as a philosophical account of movements and forces. Such an account could be given only by considering also the general reaction against the spirit of the eighteenth century which for most of us is summed up, vaguely, perhaps, and inaccurately, but conveniently, in the phrase "the Romantic Movement." To most of us, therefore, it will be somewhat disconcerting to read a history of English Romanticism in the eighteenth century and find in it no consideration of Burns or Blake or Cowper. Still, Prof. Beers is quite within his rights, and we shall not further quarrel with him on the score of his self-imposed limitations.

The author commands most, but not all, of the materials of previous workers in the field, from much of which he generously quotes; and he has new material of his own to present. He is felicitous in the use of illustrative matter and of literary gossip. Chapter viii. gives an interesting popular account of the ballad-question and a good history of the eighteenth-century ballad revival; the résumé of the Ossian controversy in chapter x. will be serviceable to a puzzled public; and the chapters on Chatterton, and on the inter-relations of English and German literature in the period, are convenient summaries. The latter, perhaps, is rather more original than any of the other chapters in the book. The work as a whole may be commended as an excellent popular treatment of the special subject of the literary revival of mediævalism in the eighteenth century in England.

The author's uncertainty as to the spelling of the name "Warton" ("Wharton" at pp. 179, 307, etc.) will cause confusion to readers who do not know that the two are variant writings of the same name.

Campaigning in Cuba. By George Kennan, author of 'Siberia and the Exile System.' The Century Co. 8vo, pp. 269.

Mr. Kennan's letters, now collected and republished, are thoroughly trustworthy descriptions of what he saw, told in a characteristically effective way. They will be permanently valuable and authoritative materials for the history of the Spanish war, as well as most entertaining notes of travel and adventure. His picture of Tampa, the camp there, the hopeless overwhelming of the administrative officers, and the insufficiency of the railway facilities for a great military depot, is vivid and carries conviction of its truth in every line. He tells us of Key West what every one will wish to know, and makes us see the harbor and the town, its lazy, tropical sleepiness caught in the rush of the warlike turmoil of a base for fleets and a rendezvous for transports and prizes. So of Santiago when he gets there; we feel the climate, see the unsanitary fever-breeding conditions of the town, and share his relief when he emerges from a nasty alley into the patio of the Anglo-American Club, with its marble pavement, its fountain, and its palms. The actual condition of the camps, the life of the soldiers, the means of supply, the poor apologies for hospitals in the field, the port-no-port of Siboney which was only an open coast, surf-beaten, without docks or anchorage—all these are shown with photographic sharpness.

The judgments which Mr. Kennan renders are honest, but there is room here for differences of opinion, and we may well receive his conclusions with reserve, till fuller investigation and knowledge may make us more sure we know how to distinguish between the faults of commanders and the necessary hardships of an invasion under extraordinary circumstances. Siboney was evidently no base for continued operations of an army, but might yet be well chosen for a descent upon the coast to be followed by a quick stroke at Santiago. The actual success, even at the cost of great hardship, is not to be ignored in judging the campaign. It would have been more in the line of regular operations to have established a base in Guantánamo Bay, waited for the landing of wagon-trains and of supplies of all sorts, and then to have advanced upon Santiago by the longer route inland. But what was thus gained in one way might have been lost in another, if it was probable that an unacclimated army must soon be depleted by the calenture, to say nothing of the dreaded "yellow jack."

It is not yet easy to discriminate satisfactorily between faults of administration for which the authorities at Washington were responsible, and those for which the general in command of the expedition must himself answer. Mr. Kennan's facts will be an essential part of the whole case upon which judgment must finally be reached, but we can now afford to wait for more light.

The Workers: The West. By Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

The author of this book is described as a professor of political economy, and certainly no one will question the propriety of the epithet "dismal" if such matter as is here collected forms the subject of that science. That it does not is easily established. There can be no science without accurate observation, concentrated and directed by theory. There can be no accurate observation under the influence of emotion, and no profitable observation without scientific hypothesis. People say that they tell what they have seen and all that they have seen; but every trial in court proves that witnesses do not tell all that they have seen, nor even what they have seen, even when they try. They attend to a very small part of what they see, and they remember only that to which they paid attention. So in Mr. Wyckoff's case: he is so drenched in the misery of his lot, so inevitably compelled to attend to its doleful features by the recollection of the comfortable life that he has relinquished, that he can see nothing but the wretched side of the laborer's position. From time to time he rouses himself, and protests that there is another side; but these efforts are spasmodic, and rather interrupt than correct the general impression.

The chief reason for distrusting the scientific character of these notes is to be found in the doubt which it is impossible not to feel concerning the genuineness of the writer's emotion. Here is a man, able to live comfortably, who deliberately takes up the life of a tramp, and then moans piteously over its woes. We do not deny its woes, but we deny that any one can feel them whose circumstances make him independent of his daily wages. Mr. Wyckoff could at any moment have relieved himself from the agonies of suffering which he describes, and his wails of anguish cannot arouse deep sympathy. We do not feel for sorrows which are sought for and which can be escaped from; even our friend who howls with the pain of an aching *tooth, but will not go to the dentist*, gets scant condolence.

As to the descriptions of tramp-life here given, they have been so widely read in the magazine in which they appeared as to require no explanation from us. We must protest, however, against the application of the title 'The Workers' to the class of people with whom Mr. Wyckoff associated. So far as they are workers at all, most of them are the refuse of the labor market, the men who have been discharged for drunkenness, dishonesty, inefficiency, laziness, and similar reasons. There is a sprinkling of deserving men; but the really deserving men are not often compelled to tramp for work. The existence of such a mass of undeserving men as Mr. Wyckoff describes is one of the difficulties of our civilization; but we cannot say that his observations suggest any means of escaping from this difficulty.

The Last Link: Our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man. By Ernst Haeckel. With Notes and Biographical Sketches by Hans Gadow, F.R.S. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. 1898. 8vo, pp. vi, 156, cuts.

The renowned Jena professor was a great white light among the luminaries of the Fourth International Congress of Zoölogy at Cambridge last August, and this book consists mainly of the address which he delivered on the 26th, on our present knowledge of the descent of man. This confession of faith of a man of science sounds no uncertain note; we hear the conclusion of the whole matter as it appears to the lifelong and foremost champion of transformism in Germany, who early made Darwinism his starting-point in evolutionary studies, not his goal. The "last link" is what has commonly been called the "missing link" between man and apes, requiring the new name because it is now believed to have been found in *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the semi-simian or semi-human fossil discovered in Java by Dr. Eugène Dubois in 1894. Haeckel had long before proposed the hypothetical genus and species *Pithecanthropus alalus* for some supposed speechless ape-man, and his delight at the discovery of an actual organism answering the requirements of this genus may be imagined. His italicised pronouncement is now: 'The descent of man from an extinct Tertiary series of Primates is not a vague hypothesis, but an historical fact" (p. 76). The address hits off the whole subject of evolution "from moner to man" in a free-handed, masterly manner, with technical precision where possible, elsewhere with glittering generalities, as in attempts to compute the chronology of 5,375,000 generations of animals from Laurentian times to Adam and Eve. The address will be caviare to the general, but any one can appreciate, for example, the neat score made off "Darwin's point" of the folded rim of the ear. The Greeks were zoölogically correct in their representations of the pointed ears of satyrs, and Hawthorne's Donatello, in the 'Marble Faun,' is a modern instance.

Dr. Gadow supplements the volume with brief portraitures of some famous scientists,

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as Lamarck, Cuvier, Von Baer, Johannes Mueller, Virchow (who is Haeckel's protagonist), Koelliker, Gegenbaur, Cope, and especially Haeckel himself.

Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century. By John Lawler. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The present reviewer confesses frankly that he belongs to the hopelessly Philistine class of people who buy books simply because they want to read them, and not because they are old or curious or rare. Having confessed this much, he also confesses that he has read this little book with great interest, and with some stirrings within as of an undeveloped germ of bibliomania.

Long as the method of sale by auction had been known to the world, it was not, it seems, till the beginning of the seventeenth century that this method was applied to book-sales by the Elzevirs at Leyden and Amsterdam, and not until 1676 was it introduced into England, by the bookseller William Cooper. His first catalogue is a curiosity, and so are some of the prices brought. Fancy an Eliot Indian Bible going for 19 shillings, the Homer of 1488 for 9 shillings, and the first edition of Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning' for 1 shilling! The first appearance of the first folio of Shakspere in any auction catalogue was at Cooper's sale in 1687, when it brought 14 shillings, and a second folio in 1678 brought 16 shillings. At the sale of Sir Kenelm Digby's books in 1680, the second folio brought 14 shillings; the 'Paradise Lost' of 1668, 2s. 1d.; Lydgate's 'Fall of Princes' (1554), 3s. 6d. Caxtons seem to have been little in demand, his 'History of Troy' bringing 3s.; his 'Morte Arthur,' 2s. 10d.; his 'Book of Chesse Moralized,' 1s. 6d.; and many other *rarissima* of the earliest presses of Italy, France, and Germany, which would now bring more than their weight in gold, going at less than their weight in copper at the sale of Dr. Bernard's great library in 1686.

Some of the prefaces to the catalogues are very curious, but for these we must refer the reader to the book itself.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Sketch of Anne Robert Jacques Turgot. Boston: G. H. Ellis.
Antin, Mary. From Plotzk to Boston. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.
Budd, Henry. St. Mary's Hall Lectures, and Other Papers. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co. $1.50.
Clyde, Anna M., and Wallace, Lillian. Through the Year. Books I. and II. A Supplementary Reader. Silver, Burdett & Co. Each 36c.
Deckert, E. Cuba. [Land und Leute Monographien.] Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Elliott, Sarah B. An Incident, and Other Happenings. Harpers. $1.25.
Grant, A. H. The Grant Family. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: A. V. Haight.
Hillis, Rev. N. D. A Man's Value to Society. 12th ed. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Huneker, James. Mezzotints in Modern Music. Scribners. $1.50.
Kenyon, F. G. The Palæography of Greek Papyri. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
King, Capt. Charles. A Trooper Galahad. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Loew, W. N. Magyar Poetry. New York: The Author.
Mason, Caroline A. A Wind Flower. Philadelphia: A. J. Rowland. $1.
Mikalowitch, Nicolai. The Godhood of Man. Chicago: The Author.
Moore, Prof. B. Elementary Physiology. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.
Müller, F. M. Ramakrishna; his Life and Sayings. Scribners. $1.50.
Peck, C. H. The Jacksonian Epoch. Harpers. $2.50.
Pepper, Rev. G. W. Under Three Flags; or, The Story of My Life. Cincinnati: Curtis & Jennings.
Poems of Therese. Translated from the German by Ellen Frothingham. Putnams. 75c.
Poynting, Prof. J. H., and Thomson, Prof. J. J. Sound. [A Text-Book of Physics.] London: Charles Griffin & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide to Europe. 1899. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Seilhac, Léon de. Les Congrès Ouvriers en France (1876-1897). Paris: Colin & Cie.
Shearer, W. J. The Grading of Schools. 3d ed. New York: H. P. Smith Publishing Co.
Skinner, Henrietta D. Espiritu Santo. Harpers. $1.25.
Smith, Prof. H. P. The Books of Samuel. [International Critical Commentary.] Scribners. $3.
Snell, F. J. The Fourteenth Century. [Periods of European History.] Scribners. $1.50.
Super, Prof. O. B. Ségur's La Retraite de Moscou. Henry Holt & Co.
The Martyrdom of an Empress. Harpers. $2.50.
Vachell, H. A. The Procession of Life. Appletons.
Van Arkel, Garret. And Then Came Spring. A Story. E. R. Herrick & Co.
Waller, H. D. History of the Town of Flushing. Flushing: J. H. Ridenour.
Watson, Annah R. Some Notable Families of America. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Wilson, W. B. History of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. 2 vols. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Wood, Benjamin. The Successful Man of Business. New York: The Author.

The New York *Tribune* headed its reviews of fiction last Sunday with one of Stacpoole's novels, "The Rapin" (Henry Holt & Co., $1.25), in which the reviewer said, "It is a captivating book. It is an odd production, freakish in tone, spasmodic in movement, but its very freakishness gives it charm. . . . A book which it would be folly to attempt to remember, but almost folly to leave unread."

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